

2000

Francis Hayman: an Artist Reading British Literature in the 1740s.

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**FRANCIS HAYMAN: AN ARTIST READING BRITISH LITERATURE IN THE
1740S**

A Dissertation

**Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy**

in

The Department of English

**by
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August 2000**

UMI Number: 9984361

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DEDICATION

To Francis Hayman: painter, critic, spectator, and *bon viveur*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I have never heard of a scholar who did not rely on many others for advice, support, guidance, ideas, and sometimes, just a pleasant remark. Professor David Weinglass of the University of Missouri-Kansas City first brought the interaction of text and image to my attention, and the credit for planting the seed for this project goes to him. Conversations with the ever tolerant and supportive Professor Jim Springer Borck nurtured the project, and the kind commentary of Professor Janet Aikins, who agreed to travel from the University of New Hampshire to serve on my dissertation committee, continued to provide needed encouragement during my revisions. I am especially indebted to Professors John I. Fischer and Anna K. Nardo for taking the time to weed the digressions from my early drafts in order to uncover the seedling of my argument. I would also like to thank Professor Kevin L. Cope, whose good-humored disposition and profound scholarly insight illuminate and encourage the entire profession.

I am also extraordinarily grateful to Professor Robert C. Leitz, Curator of the James Smith Noel Collection at Louisiana State University in Shreveport, for allowing me access to his fine library. His encouragement of entrepreneurial scholarship, provision of free images, and just plain friendliness are unprecedented in the history of research institutions. Martha Lawler, also of the James Smith Noel Collection, likewise deserves my thanks for her kind help during my visits. I am indebted to as well to the James Smith Noel Foundation for its generous financial support.

The staffs at the Hill Memorial and Middleton Libraries at the Louisiana State University likewise have been extraordinarily obliging. Roberta Ruiz in the interlibrary loan department deserves special praise in this regard, for she has inconvenienced herself on numerous occasions to obtain materials for me on short notice. I would also like to thank Ann Polito and Judy Bolton for their friendliness and their assistance in providing images from the rare book collection at the Hill Memorial Library. At the Middleton Library, I owe Margaret Stephens and Barbara Wittkopf my thanks for helping me track down elusive allusions.

I also owe a debt of gratitude to my great friend, poet, cultural critic, and correspondent Erik McCarthy for reading and commenting on my chapter drafts. I would also like to thank my wife Joanne, my son Jacob, my parents, and the rest of my family for their patient support. It is for emphasis that I mention my family last, for without these precious relationships to sustain me, this project would never have begun.

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ABSTRACT

The on-going comparison of the sister arts (poetry and painting) in the eighteenth century recommends a reassessment of Francis Hayman's role as an artist reading and interpreting literary texts. A founding member of the Royal Academy in 1768, Francis Hayman began his artistic career as a scene painter at the Goodman's Fields and Drury Lane theaters. Although Hayman was one of the most prolific book illustrators in mid eighteenth century Britain, relatively little critical attention has been devoted to his work. Moreover, his circle of friends included such Old Slaughter's and St. Martin's Lane Academy regulars as Henry Fielding, William Hogarth, David Garrick, Hubert Gravelot, Martin Folkes, and the young Thomas Gainsborough. Yet his illustrations in the 1740s for Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*, Thomas Hanmer's elaborate quarto edition of Shakespeare, Thomas Newton's *Paradise Lost*, and Moore and Brooke's *Fables for the Female Sex* provide a rich critical resource because they offer visual commentary on the texts of which they are a part. Taken together, Hayman's designs compose an editorial apparatus that recommends a rethinking of critical methods that do not account for illustrations.

INTRODUCTION

Although Francis Hayman was one of the most prolific British artists designing book illustrations in the mid eighteenth century, relatively little critical attention has been devoted to this aspect of his work. During his most productive period, the 1740s, among other works the artist executed designs for Richardson's 1742 octavo *Pamela*, Sir Thomas Hanmer's 1744 edition of Shakespeare's works, Edward Moore and Henry Brooke's 1744 *Fables for the Female Sex*, and Thomas Newton's 1749 *Paradise Lost*. Rather than read these books as an interrelated network of visual images and text, however, modern scholars with few exceptions assess the contemporary reception of these works along the disciplinary lines of art history or literary criticism.

The two most comprehensive studies to date of Hayman chiefly evaluate the artist's paintings from an art historical perspective. Brian Allen's 1987 *Francis Hayman* is primarily a *catalogue raisonne*, and although it is a thorough and highly valuable scholarly resource, the treatment of the artist's book illustrations as textual commentary is largely beyond its scope. Other than Brian Allen's book, Deborah Lambert's 1973 M.A. report for the Courtauld Institute, entitled *The Career of Francis Hayman: With Special Reference to His Decorative Work and History Paintings*, provides the most serious attempt at biographical documentation, but like Allen, when Lambert turns to an assessment of the artist's work, she evaluates the artist as a painter rather than as a critic of literary texts.

Other art historians who address Hayman's work place it mainly in a larger iconographic tradition or artistic movement. W. Moelwyn Merchant, for example, locates the artist's work in the broader context of how Shakespeare's plays have been represented in the visual arts, while both Roland Frye and Marcia Pointon discuss the artist's designs for *Paradise Lost* within the iconographic tradition of Western art. The best of these critics, however, imply that Hayman's work, like Hogarth's, tends to

resist the rigid separation of image from text. One of the earliest of these is T. S. R. Boase, who, discussing the illustration of Shakespeare in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, remarks that in Hayman's figures, "Expression is restrained, but the groupings, the visual interrelationships of the characters are often displayed with some real narrative sense" (90). Mary Ravenhall reads Hayman's *Paradise Lost* designs together with the text when she proposes that they mark a shift in emphasis from a theological to a dramatic interpretation of Milton's epic. More recently, David Solkin takes a more radical approach to Hayman's work when he argues that the artist's paintings for Vauxhall Gardens contribute to a broader cultural shift in eighteenth-century Britain, what he concludes to be "commercial society's efforts to create and sustain its own culture of demonstrably public significance, as a credible 'bourgeois' alternative to that network of signs which had for centuries defined the character and status of the ruling class" (276). Solkin's analysis carries special importance, for it approaches Vauxhall Gardens from an interdisciplinary perspective.

Some critics have overcome the limitations of discipline in analyzing Hayman's book illustrations. Marcia Allentuck, for example, fortuitously discovered Hanmer's instructions to Hayman concerning designs for a quarto edition of Shakespeare, a find that creates a rare opportunity to assess the interaction of artist and editor in the production of illustrations. Her analysis of Hayman's designs for Richardson's *Pamela*, moreover, lays the groundwork for later interdisciplinary readings. Diane McColley discusses the artist's Milton designs in the context of her larger feminist project detailing the iconography of Eve and Eden. More recently, Janet Aikins and Louise Miller offer important feminist analyses of the artist's book illustrations for *Pamela* from an intermedial perspective. Rather than treat the artist's designs as an unimportant presence in a literary work, they either explicitly or implicitly account for the visual signs in a work together with the text. To date,

however, no one has attempted to read systematically Hayman's work as commentary on the texts of the 1740s which they illustrate.

Francis Hayman's close connection with the London stage recommends an interdisciplinary approach that treats both visual and verbal signs as related aspects of cultural performance. Indeed, some theater critics have hinted in this direction. Karen Newman, for example, speculates that Hayman's designs for *Hamlet* might reflect contemporary stage practice at Drury Lane, while Kalmin Burnim reads David Garrick's correspondence with Hayman as evidence of the actor's influence on the artist's designs. Peter Wagner, in *Reading Iconotexts*, perhaps most succinctly articulates this intermedial perspective, defining it as a form of intertextuality that integrates the musical, visual, and textual aspects of a work without privileging a particular class of signs (12). W. J. T. Mitchell similarly concludes that the basis for treating text and image as separate kinds of signifying entities lies in an untenable assumption, that visual images exist free from interpenetrating symbolic association with texts: "We imagine the gulf between words and images to be as wide as the one between words and things, between (in the largest sense) culture and nature. The image is the sign that pretends not to be a sign, masquerading as (or, for the believer, actually achieving) natural immediacy and presence" (*Iconology* 43). No sign, either visual or verbal, is innocent in the sense that it does not refer or allude to other signs.

The belief that a picture can be a neutral medium for the transmission of information about a literary text relies on the premise that literature is peculiar to written or oral language, and that its signs are somehow decontaminated when transformed into a visual medium. The signs of painting and visual representation in fact partake heavily of narrative, and they participate fully in the production of meaning. What necessarily makes book illustrations in particular an editorial and interpretive apparatus, furthermore, is that they represent texts and only indirectly objects in nature. Book illustrations interpret what is already a representation in

language in the form of printed words. Even in a painting inspired by a work of literature where the text might not be immediately present departs from the idea that visual signs are somehow more directly representative of nature. From an intermedial perspective, visual images are windows rather than window dressing, particularly in an illustrated book.

Book illustration problematizes the concept of art as an instantaneous and timeless moment, somehow isolated from narrative. Although Samuel Johnson argues in *The Idler* No. 45 that when a painter chooses a scene, "he must have an action not successive but instantaneous, for the time of a picture is a single moment," he appears to forget that any single point in a narrative automatically brings the whole into play. Johnson perhaps unconsciously discusses a kind of art which translates a portion of a text into an interpretation of it through emphasizing a particular scene. But because no signification would be possible without context, Johnson's "single moment" necessarily brings into play the narrative continuum of which it is a part. Thus the translation of a text into an illustration is necessarily a discursive practice. The temporal isolation Johnson desires for the "single moment" is an illusion which illustrated literature subverts through its embedding of visual symbols within a narrative context: the very idea of an image having any meaning necessarily implies that it has linguistic properties. Like other symbols, those used in the visual arts can only be understood in terms of other symbols. Like Keats' Grecian urn, the symbols of the visual arts have no meaning until they become part of a linguistic structure, until the poet subjects them to time.

Theories of how a painter should be educated in the eighteenth century also inform the practice of book illustration because they reveal a free interplay between the visual and verbal arts. John Dryden, for example, in the preface to his translation of Du Fresnoy's *De Arte Graphica*, recommends several books and authors that painters should read for ideas, including the Bible, Homer, Milton, Virgil, Spenser,

and *Godwin's Roman Antiquities* (128). Jonathan Richardson likewise advises that painters should "read the best books, such as Homer, Milton, Virgil, Spencer [sic], Thucydides, Livy, Plutarch, &c. but chiefly the Holy Scripture" (85). The education of painter, Richardson avers, should be no different from that of the poet: "To paint a history, a man ought to have the main qualities of a good historian, and something more; he must yet go higher, and have the talents requisite to a good poet; the rules for the conduct of a picture being much the same with those to be observed in writing a poem ... he must be furnished with a vast stock of poetical, as well as historical learning" (12). Importantly, Richardson's insistence on common rules between poetry and painting implies that a history painting is a literary text; he does in fact later characterize painting as "a sort of writing" (35). The reading curricula recommended by Dryden and Richardson for history painters implies that book illustrators should be close readers of texts.

Moreover, the likely influence of William Hogarth's narrative art on Hayman's book illustrations cannot be discounted, and, as already noted to in the work of W. J. T. Mitchell and Peter Wagner, it is not clear that either the disciplinary distinction enforced between text and image or the more modern division between art history and literary analysis can be maintained. In the case of Hogarth and Hayman, their lack of university education makes it appear unlikely that they would have made the same sophistic distinctions between the sister arts propounded in arguments made by Aristotle, Horace, Leonardo DaVinci, C. A. Du Fresnoy, James Harris, Gotthold Lessing, Francis Hutchinson, and others. These debates about the sister arts, or *paragone*, generally develop by characterizing painting as best representing spatial relationships among objects, and by characterizing poetry as best depicting manifestations of duration or consecutiveness. A landscape, for example, might be more efficiently expressed by a painting, whereas poetry might more fully express an epic or history. In a print series like *A Harlot's Progress*, *A Rake's Progress*,

Marriage a la Mode, or *Industry and Idleness*, however, Hogarth pointedly ignores drawing disciplinary and academic distinctions between the properties of the graphic arts and narratives. Likewise, the interdisciplinary nature of Hayman's early work as a designer of theater sets through which actors move in both time and space argues against approaching his work solely from an art historical perspective. Hayman's book illustration work, moreover, because it is a species of history painting, demands an interdisciplinary approach.

Hogarth and Hayman likely discussed theories of painting between themselves. Deborah Lambert proposes that the two men may have known each other as early as 1733, and a few years later, Hayman and Hogarth, along with Henry Fielding and Hubert Gravelot, are regulars at Old Slaughter's coffee house. Moreover, Lambert notes that Hayman was a teacher of painting at the nearby St. Martin's Lane Academy, a project that George Vertue characterizes as "principally promote[d]" by Hogarth (Vertue III, 127). Hayman and Hogarth were both members of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks (Allen, *Francis Hayman* 4; Lambert 11), a social club founded in 1735 by George Lambert and John Rich. According to Nichols and Steevens, furthermore, Hayman modeled for Hogarth as the dissolute viscount in *Marriage a la Mode* (III, 241). Brian Allen relates another anecdote from the September 1816 issue of *The New Monthly Magazine or Universal Register*: Hayman reportedly modeled for Hogarth as the jocular sign painter in *Beer Street* (*Francis Hayman* 3). In addition, according to what Brian Allen calls a "well established tradition" based on comments from Nichols and Steevens, Hogarth and Hayman worked together in the late 1730s painting for Jonathan Tyers at Vauxhall Gardens ("Supper-Box Paintings" 116-7). The two artists certainly continued their relationship well into the 1740s, for of the four paintings contributed to the new Foundling Hospital in 1747, those by Hayman and Hogarth show sequential episodes from the same chapter of Exodus: Hayman's painting is *Finding of Moses in the*

Bulrushes and Hogarth's is *Moses Brought Before Pharaoh's Daughter*. George Vertue, moreover, recounts that Hayman and Hogarth were briefly arrested together in France during an artistic foray following the Peace of Aix-la-Chappelle in 1748:

upon the treaty of peace & preliminarys agreed. the passage from Dover to Calais being free and open several Artists resolved and agreed to go to Paris Mrss Hudson. Van Aken. 7 [sic] his brother Mr Hogarth. Mr Hayman, painters. & Mr Sheers sculptor but Hogarth & Hayman soon returned. the others went from Paris to Flanders Holland &c [sic]. -- however it happened Hogarth & Hayman. attempting to draw some Views of Fortifications &c. were surprized & clapt into the Bastile. from whence they were soon glad to return to England. (III, 141-2)

During what both Brian Allen and Deborah Lambert justifiably characterize as Hayman's most productive period, then, the two artists knew each other both other professionally and socially. Henry Fielding's preface to *Joseph Andrews* testifies that Hogarth discussed his artistic views with his acquaintances, and it therefore seems likely that the two painters would have talked about aesthetics, perhaps on several occasions over a period of years.

Although Hayman never wrote an artistic treatise, Hogarth eventually codified the aesthetic that had been only implied by his own print series. His 1753 *Analysis of Beauty* informs an interdisciplinary approach to book illustration by ascribing narrative properties to painting. Hogarth sees a specifically narrative element as necessary in the visual arts when he explains that "the greatest grace and life that a picture can have, is, that it express *Motion*: which the Painters call the *spirite* of a picture" (3). Later in the book, Hogarth reasons that "The active mind is ever bent to be employ'd. Pursuing is the business of our lives" (32). He expands his analysis a few paragraphs later, proclaiming that,

The love of pursuit, merely as pursuit, is implanted in our natures, and design'd no doubt, for necessary and useful purposes. Animals have it evidently by instinct. The hound dislikes the game he so eagerly pursues; and even cats will risk the losing of their prey to chase it over again. It is a pleasing labor of the mind to solve the most difficult problems; allegories and

riddles, trifling as they are, afford the mind amusement: and with what delight does it follow the well-connected thread of a play, or novel, which ever increases as the plot thickens, and ends most pleas'd, when that is most distinctly unravell'd? (32-3)

Hogarth blurs the distinction between the sister arts by granting to painting the narrative quality of duration. More importantly, the artist treats visual images and narratives as aspects of the same pleasing puzzle, to be solved with an analytical rather than descriptive methodology. That is, in Hogarth's view, a painting does not imitate or represent an object, but encourages the creation of new knowledge about it. In light of the close connection between Hogarth and Hayman in contemporary anecdotes, it seems likely that the former artist's aesthetic of narrative cultural interrogation would have in some degree influenced the latter in his book illustrations and history paintings.

Some art historians and literary critics also draw attention to the influence of the French engraver Hubert Gravelot on Hayman's oeuvre. What Deborah Lambert calls Gravelot's "elegant, minute rococo style" (12) can certainly be seen in some of Hayman's work from the 1740s, and the Frenchman did, in fact, engrave the plates for the English artist's first two book illustration projects, Hanmer's *Shakespeare* and Richardson's *Pamela*. Gravelot also designed more than a few of the plates himself. Nonetheless, even though from a compositional standpoint Gravelot occasionally shows himself to be a shrewd interpreter of the texts he illustrates, there is no way to gauge accurately the degree of influence he had upon Hayman in this respect. Hayman also shrewdly interprets texts in these projects with Gravelot, and the English artist continues to develop this skill in later work after Gravelot returned to Paris in 1746.

It is a mistake to grant too much weight to the influence of Gravelot in Hayman's artistic development, in spite of Deborah Lambert's claim that the English artist "can reasonably be called his pupil, at least in that he adapted much of the

Frenchman's style to his own requirements" (12). Although according to Robert Halsbrand, Gravelot illustrated over 100 books during the 15 years he was in England, there are surprisingly few anecdotes linking the English and French artists like those connecting Hayman and Hogarth. The dearth of evidence supports Hans Hammelmann's observation that "We know little or nothing about the illustrations he [Gravelot] executed in England, which is a pity, because it would be interesting to discover whether he introduced the latest French style [in England] or was himself influenced by English taste" (52). Without any other documentation than the artists' work, one cannot establish the direction of influence with any assurance.

Arguments for Gravelot's influence on Hayman, moreover, overlook the compositional innovation the English artist brings to his work. Gravelot's design for *Richard III* in Hanmer's edition of Shakespeare, for example, lacks focus and the awareness of character so central to the play (fig. 1). The French engraver depicts the scene from late in Act III when the Lord Mayor of London, aldermen, and citizens beg Richard to ascend the throne. Buckingham stands on the left, pointing at Richard, presumably explaining the pious aspect of the evil man, standing as he does between two clergymen and carrying a prayer book. The raised platform on which Richard stands looks like a stage, which is appropriate since Richard acts the part of piety; the scene is similar to a familiar device in Shakespeare, the play-within-the-play. Gravelot emphasizes this aspect by dressing Buckingham and the citizens in the background on the right in contemporary clothes, while Richard, the clergymen, the aldermen, and the Lord Mayor wear fifteenth-century costumes. Additionally, the vases on either side of the platform on which Richard stands have theatrical muse faces on them: on the left is the comic muse, and the right is the tragic muse.

Nonetheless, Gravelot emphasizes none of the characters as individuals--he buries the figure of Richard in the design, and does not show the arm that the protagonist describes as a "blasted sapling, withered up" (III.iv.69). The top half of



King RICHARD III. Act 3. Sc. 1.

Figure 1. Gravelot's Hanmer edition illustration for *Richard III*

the illustration is given over entirely to architecture, and without knowing the context of the play, the design could refer to nearly any text. It describes a situation rather than analyzes a character.

On the other hand, Hayman's painting of Garrick as Richard III (fig. 2), exhibited at the Society of Artists in 1760, contrasts sharply with Gravelot's design. Hayman would have probably been familiar with *Richard III* because it had been staged continuously since 1732 and because his friend David Garrick premiered in that role at Lincoln's Inn Fields in October of 1741. Richard dominates the foreground in Hayman's scene from near the end of the play: with his dead horse lying behind him, and Catesby riding up in the background, Richard cries out his famous last words: "I think there be six Richmonds in the field; / Five have I slain to-day instead of him. / A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! (V.iv.11-13). Brian Allen notes that unlike Hayman's earlier theatrical designs that closely follow actual practice, here "This attempt at historical veracity is more in keeping with the strictures of history painting ... and is partly the result of Hayman's experiments in the sphere of historical prints and book illustrations" (117). What appears to be an awkwardly foreshortened left arm in the painting is no doubt an allusion to Richard's withered arm, and the king's helmet, symbolically lying at his feet, also allows full view of the determined expression on Garrick's face.

Hayman's compositional skill was evidently well respected. Although Gravelot did engrave all of the illustrations for the octavo *Pamela* and Hanmer's Shakespeare, it is worth noting that both Richardson and the baronet hired the English artist to help with the projects, even though at the time Gravelot had been illustrating books in England for over 10 years. More revealing perhaps is that Hanmer commissioned Hayman rather than rely entirely on Gravelot, despite (or perhaps because of) the Frenchman's having designed a set of illustrations published in 1740 for the second edition of Theobald's Shakespeare.¹



Figure 2. Hayman's "David Garrick as Richard III"

In light of the influence of Hogarth's narrative aesthetic and the literary educational method of artists promoted by John Dryden and Jonathan Richardson, the disciplinary boundary that excludes visual images from the reading of texts appears unsustainable, especially when the two media are bound together in the same book. Francis Hayman's illustrations, in fact, describe a reading practice that sheds light on the contemporary interpretation of the works in which they reside. Despite Sir Thomas Hanmer's specific instructions, for example, Hayman betrays a particularly independent attitude in his designs for Shakespeare's tragedies. The ample documentation available in this case clearly shows that Hayman knew at least some of the Bard's plays well and that he had definite ideas about their interpretation. In his designs for Richardson's *Pamela*, furthermore, Hayman seems to have read the text very closely, for he detects the ambivalence in the heroine's written portrayal, manifested specifically in his emphasis on the young servant girl's acting ability as well as in what appears to be anxiety about the heroine's quick rise in social status.

Yet when Hayman approaches Moore and Brooke's *Fables for the Female Sex*, he demonstrates a particular awareness of contemporary women's issues such as forced marriage and the social construction of virtue.² His designs hint at a more liberal attitude than either Moore or Brooke, and he sometimes visually turns one of the fables around so that it applies to the behavior of men. Hayman's illustrations for Thomas Netwon's edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* also hint at a sensitivity to women's issues because they show Eve gradually separating from Adam before the Fall, a feature not depicted by any previous illustrator. Additionally, Hayman seems to interpret Adam's behavior as possessive of Eve.

Although few conclusions can be drawn from the evidence of Hayman's visual interpretations on their own, like Richardson's *Clarissa*, the designs offer an intriguing glimpse of the social climate leading up to the marriage reforms sponsored by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke in 1753.³ As a middle class inhabitant of London,

Francis Hayman was almost certainly cognizant of how the institution of marriage had been abused in the courts. *Fables for the Female Sex* alludes to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's efforts to reform the marriage laws in the final lines of his eighth fable, "The lawyer, and Justice": Justice abandons the lawyer as she "hid in shades her face, / 'Till Hardwick sooth'd her into grace" (117-18). Hayman, moreover, especially because of his theatrical connections, would have likely known of the public embarrassment that Theophilus and Susanna Maria Cibber's marriage became, an affair that ironically associated the early performance of Milton's *Comus* with a husband's hypocrisy and a woman's assertion that she controlled her own body. The separation of the couple seems to reflect the possessiveness of Adam and the independence of Hayman's (although not necessarily Milton's) Eve.⁴

In the early nineteenth century, Edward Edwards remembers Hayman as having "acquired a very considerable degree of power in his art, and [he] was unquestionably the best historical painter in the kingdom, before the arrival of Cipriani" (2). If Hayman's reputation has lagged since that time, it is perhaps because he has been simply overshadowed by later English painters like Gainsborough, Wright of Derby, West, and Reynolds. But the critical reputation of these other artists is not built upon their ability to read and offer visual commentary on written texts to which modern critics have devoted no small amount of critical attention. The educational plan outlined by Dryden and Jonathan Richardson freely acknowledges the intermedial nature of history painting, a form of composition very similar to book illustration. This mode of invention in painting, furthermore, together with the likely influence of William Hogarth's own ideas about the narrative potential of painting, counsels an interdisciplinary approach to the artist's work. Hayman's illustrations help raise the curtain on how literature was read in the 1740s, illuminating an otherwise undervalued source of information about the interpretation of books.

Notes

¹ Thomas Frognall Dibdin reports in *The Library Companion* that "The first edition [of Hanmer's Shakespeare] was a popular book and was proudly displayed in morocco binding in the libraries of the great and fashionable" (801). "In the year 1747," he continues, "when Warburton's edition was selling off at 18s a copy, (the original price having been 2l. 8s.) Hanmer's edition, which was published at 3l. 3s., rose to 9l. 9s.; and continued at that price until its reprint in 1771" (801-802).

² Moore, Brooke, and Hayman were all part of David Garrick's circle, and the possibility exists that they actively worked together in planning the *Fables for the Female Sex*. On 10 October 1745, Garrick had written to Francis Hayman to give his regards "particularly [to] Mr. Moore, his song is rattled in my Ears all Day & most part of the Night, pray tell him from me, if he would make his Appearance here, he would make many Conquests" (54-55). Garrick, in fact, played the role of young Belmont in Moore's first play *The Foundling* when it premiered at Drury Lane on 13 February 1748. Additionally, Garrick and Moore may have been connected through Moore's printer for the *Fables for the Female Sex*, Richard Francklin. The son of the printer had taken orders, and performed the marriage ceremony for Garrick and his wife Violette; John Homer Caskey suspects that he also performed the ceremony for Moore and his wife Jenny Hamilton (66). All of the men may have also been connected with Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, for whom Hayman had executed several paintings, both for the supper boxes and for the Prince of Wales Pavilion.

³ The new law required that marriage ceremonies occur in places previously designated for that purpose and that they comply with the ritual of the Anglican Church. It banned the practice of clandestine marriages and mandated parental consent for the marriage of minors.

⁴ Hayman's theatrical connections make it seem likely that he would have known Susanna Maria Cibber. She played the Lady in *Comus* when it was first performed on the London stage in 1738. Furthermore, Hayman's background as a scene painter and his friendship with David Garrick, who in April of 1747 had become one of the new partners at Drury Lane, makes it seem likely that the artist would have seen at least one, but perhaps many of these early performances. It is not necessary to rely on the artist's association with the actor, however, for Hayman painted scenes at Drury Lane in the years immediately preceding the premier of *Comus* (Allen 13-14). Very few of Hayman's paintings can be dated to before 1740, and so he may very well have still been painting backdrops there in 1738. Even if the artist were no longer working at Drury Lane, however, his personal connections there would have insured his intimacy with how the outward show of *Comus*, opening with Susanna Maria as its star, was equaled by the egregious behavior of her husband Theophilus, the prodigal son of Colley Cibber. Although Milton's masque does not deal with marriage directly, its intimate relationship with a 1740s sex scandal may have suggested to Hayman that he closely examine the dynamic of Adam's

relationship with Eve. For details of the scandal, see Don-John Dugas's "'Such Heav'n-Taught Numbers Should Be More Than Read': *Comus* and Milton's Reputation in Mid-Eighteenth-Century England" in *Milton Studies* 34 and the *Biographical Dictionary of Actors, Actresses, Dancers, Managers, & Other Stage Personnel*, edited by Kalmin Burnim, Philip Highfill, and Edward Langhans.

CHAPTER 1

Hayman's Interpretive Independence and the Revision of Shakespeare

In his designs for Shakespeare's tragedies, Francis Hayman reveals his ability to translate a verbal text into a visual representation. In some cases, the artist simply builds on the instructions of his editor, Sir Thomas Hanmer, who awarded Hayman the commission to produce the illustrations for his edition printed in 1743-44. In other cases, however, Hayman betrays a keen and independent awareness of character that suggests he closely read the plays.

Hayman received his commission from Hanmer in November of 1740 (Lambert 17), slightly before he began work on his designs for Richardson's *Pamela*. The agreement between Hayman and Hanmer, now in the Folger Shakespeare Library, is fairly straightforward, and appears in Sir Henry Bunbury's edition of the baronet's correspondence (83-4), as well as in *Shakespeare Quarterly* IX and in facsimile in *Shakespeare Quarterly* IV:

1. The said Francis Hayman is to design and delineate a drawing to be prefix'd to each Play of Shakespear taking the subject of such scenes as S^r Thomas Hanmer shall direct. and that he shall finish the same with Indian ink in such manner as shall be fit for an Ingraver to work after them and approved by the said S^r Thomas Hanmer

2. That the said S^r Thomas Hanmer shall pay to the said Francis Hayman the sum of three Guineas for each drawing taking one with another as soon as the whole number shall be finished. upon this condition nevertheless and it is declared and mutually consented to that if the whole number shall not be completed in the manner before-mention'd by Lady-day [March 25] which shall be in the year of our Lord 1741. The said Francis Hayman shall not be intitled to receive any payment or consideration whatsoever for any part of the said work.

Tho: Hanmer
Fr: Hayman

Although Hayman did not, in fact, complete the project (the illustrations for Volume 4 are signed "H. Gravelot inv. et delin."), according to W. M. Merchant, there is no evidence that Hanmer invoked the second clause of the agreement ("Francis Hayman's Illustrations of Shakespeare" 141). Deborah Lambert cites a manuscript in which George Vertue records that Hayman received £150 for 32 drawings (66), but since Hanmer included 36 plays in his edition, and Gravelot designed 5 of the plates, this number appears to be an error. Hayman actually designed 31 illustrations, and although he did not finish the remainder as specified in the contract, Hanmer apparently did not penalize the artist. Brian Allen cites bank records from Hanmer's account at Hoare's that show payments to Hayman totaling £78-15-0 between April and June 1742 (153). This amount is equivalent to 75 Guineas, which, at the contract rate of 3 Guineas per design, would account for 25 of Hayman's 31 drawings.

In addition to this contract between Hanmer and Hayman, other documents exist pertaining to this edition. Marcia Allentuck made the fortuitous discovery in the Cottonian Collection in Plymouth England of a holograph copy of Hanmer's instructions to Hayman in the hand of Charles Rogers, a manuscript that directs the composition for 27 of the plates ("Sir Thomas Hanmer Instructs"). Although it may be only remarkable serendipity that Hanmer's instructions to Hayman survive, it seems more likely that the baronet desired to preserve the records of his edition. If other editors or printers provided written instructions to illustrators, that they have not survived suggests that the papers, once used, were not treated as valuable. Alternately, what looks like a relative rarity of surviving editorial instructions might simply reflect a more common practice of not giving them; that is, perhaps artists

were generally given a freer rein in illustration projects than was Hayman for this one. In either case, that Hanmer's instructions survive even long enough for Rogers to copy them implies that the baronet considered them important. Moreover, that Hanmer chose particular scenes for Hayman to illustrate suggests that the baronet meant for the designs to be more than mere decoration, that he considered them part of his editorial project.

These instructions fall into two main sections. The first section consists of a letter dated 8 August 1741 that comments on drawings Hayman had already submitted for *Julius Caesar*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Macbeth*. The second section is entitled "Sir Thomas Hanmer's Instructions to M^r Hayman for his Designs to Shakespeare's Plays. From Autographs in the Possession of M^r Lowth" ("Sir Thomas Hanmer Instructs" 294), and contains short instructions for the remaining designs executed by Hayman, including three plays for which Hayman never submitted drawings, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Although Allentuck does not fully explore the implications of her discovery, she does observe that these documents compose a dialogue between the editor and the artist and that Hanmer "comes across as a scholar with profound loyalty to Shakespeare's text, in which he is deeply immersed" ("Sir Thomas Hanmer Instructs" 290).¹ Laying aside for a moment the question of what "loyalty" to Shakespeare's "text" means in the first half of the eighteenth century, Allentuck raises an issue of some importance: Hayman's relationship with the London stage. Brian Allen notes that Hayman's association with the Goodman's Fields Theatre begins shortly after

Henry Giffard took over the venture in 1732. By 1736, Allen also notes, Hayman had moved to the Drury Lane Theatre, where he painted the set for the debut performance of William Pritchard's *The Fall of Phaeton* (Francis Hayman 12-13).

Hayman's background as a scene painter at the Goodman's Fields and Drury Lane theaters would have made him familiar with how several of the plays were staged. George Vertue records Hayman's success in this genre, describing him as "a Painter very excellent in his Art, whose Sceenes [sic] at Drury Lane Theatre, have always met with the greatest approbation from the Spectators" (III, 126). After 1737, the opportunities for Hayman to paint sets increased substantially, for the number of performances of the Bard's plays rose dramatically in response to the Licensing Act. As Robert D. Hume notes, because of new restrictions on theater performances, the patent houses found that "Shakespeare was free, highly respectable, and easy to make palatable with afterpieces and entre-acte entertainments" (61). The largest increase in the number of performances, in fact, occurs just before Hayman began work on his designs for Hanmer, when the number of Shakespeare performances increased from 33 in the 1739-40 season to 111 in the 1740-41 season (Hume 55). Of the 2,202 performances of plays in London from 1741-1745, 640, or 29% of the total, were either written by Shakespeare or were adaptations of his work (Hogan 459).

Hayman's involvement with Shakespeare's drama went beyond scene painting. He may have also had an interest in acting, for although the evidence is scant, Charles Beecher Hogan speculates that the "Mr. Hayman" referred to on playbills from the 1740s is actually the painter.² If so, Hayman would have played Balthasar in productions of both *The Merchant of Venice* and in *Much Ado About Nothing* (1746)

Lewis the Dauphin in *Henry V* (1746), Diphilus in *Timon of Athens* (1745), the French Gentleman in *Cymbeline* (1746), Lorenzo in *The Merchant of Venice* (1745), Poins in *II Henry IV* (1745), the Priest in *Hamlet* (1743, 1744, and 1745), Silvius in *As You Like It* (1745), and Westmoreland in productions of *I Henry IV* (1743 and 1746). In addition, Hayman executed Shakespeare designs for clients other than Hanmer. He painted two versions of the play scene from *Hamlet*, three versions of the storm scene in *King Lear*, David Garrick as Richard III, Spranger Barry and Mrs. Mary Elmy in the closet scene from *Hamlet*, and three versions of Falstaff reviewing his recruits from *II Henry IV*.³ Hayman's involvement with Shakespeare beyond designing illustrations for Hanmer's edition declares that he was more than a casual reader of plays or painter of backdrops.

Hayman's approach, however, often opposes Hanmer's openly nationalistic enterprise, supplying a possible explanation for the two men's occasional interpretive disagreement.⁴ The baronet intimates a desire to use Shakespeare's performative art as an expression of patriotism, a project he outlines in the preface to his edition:

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their most celebrated Poets with the fairest impressions beautified with the ornaments of sculpture, well may our Shakespear be thought to deserve no less consideration: and as a fresh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his Statue at a publick expence; so it is desired that this new Edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another final monument designed and dedicated to his honour. (I, vi)

Hanmer declares his goal of turning a highly plastic set of play texts into a far more static art form through a kind of editorial colonialism, and hints at the conflict between Shakespeare's text and the performance of his plays outlined by Robert D. Hume. As Samuel Johnson later remarks, Hanmer "seldom passes what he does not

understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning" nor does he attempt to account for variant copies of the plays (97). Hanmer's editorial project would fix Shakespeare's text, while Hayman's performance influenced designs, as we will see, animate it.

The panegyric William Collins confirms that Hanmer succeeded to some degree in communicating his project. His "Epistle Address to Sir Thomas Hanmer, On his Edition of *Shakespear's Works*," links the apotheosis of the Bard with a nationalistic literary enterprise:

While born to bring the Muse's happier Days,
A Patriot's Hand protects a Poet's Lays:
While nurst by you she sees her Myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd Tomb:
Excuse her Doubts, if she yet fears to tell
What secret Transports in her Bosom swell:
With conscious Awe she hears the Critic's Fame,
And blushing hides her Wreath at *Shakespear's Name*.

(1-8)

In language resonant with an ironic blend of colonialism and the funereal, the "Patriot's Hand" of Hanmer has "nurst" and further "protects" the work of the muse, who not only feels "conscious Awe" at the "Critic's [Hanmer's] Fame," but "hides her Wreath at *Shakespear's Name*." The poem depicts Hanmer engaged in the presumably patriotic act of maintaining Shakespeare's tomb, and like the preface, it suggests that the baronet has enshrined the Bard's work in the new patriotic edition.

Collins' apparent endorsement of Hanmer's project covers a more complex and dynamic view of Shakespeare, however. Readers of his poem cannot tell if the muse puts the wreath at the word "Shakespear" engraved on the tomb or whether she simply hides it when she hears the Bard's name, as called out, perhaps, by Grub Street critics. If these plays have been confined in a tomb, then certainly their live performance on the stage smacks of the miraculous and supernatural, as Hayman's friend David Garrick insinuates in his *Essay on Acting*:

Shakespear was a Writer not to be confin'd by *Rule*; he had a *despotick Power* over all Nature; *Laws* would be an *Infringement* of his *Prerogative*; his *scepter'd Pen* wav'd Controul over every *Passion* and *Humour*; his *Royal Word* was not only *Absolute*, but *Creative*; *Ideas*, *Language*, and *Sentiment* were his *Slaves*, they were *chain'd* to the *Triumphal Car* of his *Genius*; and when he made his *Entry* into the *Temple of Fame*, all *Parnassus* rung with *Acclamations*; the *Muses* sung his *Conquests*, crown'd him with never-fading *Laurels*, and Pronounc'd him *Immortal*. Amen. (24)

Garrick transforms Shakespeare into an immortal tyrant, but the actor betrays his ironic intent in part by consistently using the past tense in his praise. The Bard's "*despotick Power*" over "*Ideas, Language, and Sentiment*" belies the actor's own freedom with adapting and altering the plays. Although changing Shakespeare's plots and dialogue might make a modern critic shudder, in the first half of the eighteenth century, those who staged the plays, rather than treating them as stable and inviolate texts to be read and studied, adapted the Bard's material. For example, Nahum Tate's frequently performed adaptation of *King Lear* ends with the old king restored to the throne, his abdication in favor of Cordelia, and her subsequent marriage to Edgar.⁵ As a member of Garrick's circle and a scene painter at Drury Lane, Hayman might have been more aware than Hanmer of the possibilities of visualizing Shakespeare's plays. The artist, in short, had ample opportunity to form an attitude about Shakespeare's plays very different from Hanmer's.

In this atmosphere of open adaptation and interpretation, when the text at hand submits to wide variations in personal interpretation, Hayman occasionally appears particularly independent from Hanmer. In *Macbeth*, for example, Hanmer corrects the artist's initial design for the sleepwalking scene. Both men might have seen the play on stage, for *Macbeth* was the second most frequently performed play in the first half of the eighteenth century, with a total of 287 performances, 240 of which follow Davenant's popular alteration (Hogan 288, 460). Hogan's figures confirm that from 1735 to 1741, Hayman or Hanmer could have seen *Macbeth* at any one of 47

performances given at the Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Goodman's Fields theaters. Because Davenant's version of the play held exclusive sway on the London stage prior to Garrick's restoration in 1744, if either man saw it performed before then, he would have heard the rewritten lines that Joseph Donohue characterizes as filled with "frigidly polite diction" and "ossified correctness" (22).

The sleepwalking scene Hanmer asks Hayman to illustrate remains substantially the same in both the original and in Davenant's alteration. Hanmer's instructions for *Macbeth* are very particular:

An Antichamber [sic] in Macbeth's castle. Lady Macbeth in a night-gown having set down a candle upon the table is in the action of rubbing out an imagined spot of blood upon her hand. A physician and a waiting gentlewoman who are in the room observe her with great attention, and seem discoursing with one another upon what they see. A door must be open as from an inward room the Lady's bed-chamber. (311)⁶

Hayman apparently did not initially follow Hanmer's instructions, however, for the editor felt it necessary to correct the artist in a letter to him on 8 August 1741:

Here your thoughts have not yet hit upon the lucky Idea which in these performances is all in all. You seem to aim at representing the Lady with her eyes shut whereas the contrary is expressly declared.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay but their sence is shut. [V.i.22-3; V.i; V, 539]⁷

I am afraid you have not read over the scene which you should never fail to doe.--My notion is, that she should be made rubbing the back of one hand with the open flat palm of the other and looking down intently upon it as if she were just repeating those words--*Out damned spot!* Then the placing the figures in the room should be different. She should be on the side next the open door and the table where she hath set down the Candlestick and Candle: the Doctor and the Gentlewoman on the opposite side at a distance from her. (292)

Hanmer's tone with Hayman seems a bit harsh, but without a copy of the artist's draft design, there is no way to know whether the editor is justified in his apparent crossness. Perhaps Hayman had drawn the scene as he had seen it staged; the relatively large number of performances in the years immediately preceding Hanmer's

commission makes it seem unlikely that the artist would have been unfamiliar with the scene as Hanmer suggests. Although Davenant gives the Doctor's lines to Seaton and the Gentlewoman's line is "Ay but her sense is shut" (V.i.18), this verbal difference does not require different staging. Still, Hayman's published design follows Hanmer's instructions closely, although Lady Macbeth's eyes *are* nearly shut (fig. 1).

In other details, Hanmer seems less concerned with following Shakespeare literally. For example, the Doctor remarks that he "will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly" (V.i.30-1; V.i; V, 540), yet in Hayman's design, there are no writing materials. Furthermore, even though Shakespeare does not mention Lady Macbeth's sleeping attire, it seems rather elaborate in this illustration, perhaps because it highlights one of Hayman's strengths as a painter, his remarkable ability to represent drapery. Furthermore, Lady Macbeth wears shoes in Hayman's scene: certainly, as Roman Polanski's film version of the play implies, it is unusual for sleepwalkers to dress and put on shoes. Despite Hanmer's protestation about wanting to represent accurately the text, neither he nor Hayman seems concerned with close textual interpretation or realism. Both artist and editor seem intent on promoting a particular and personal point of view about each play.

Hayman and Hanmer also disagree about the illustration for *Julius Caesar*. Either editor or artist might have seen *Julius Caesar* during the decade leading up to Hanmer's awarding of the commission to Hayman, for it was performed during every season at either Drury Lane or Goodman's Fields from 1732 to 1741. Hanmer's responses to the artist's draft designs imply that Hayman wants to include in his design more obvious clues to characterization than the baronet thought were necessary, perhaps because Brutus's books and Cassius's hand on his sword, as well as his fierce expression, would have helped to separate the two men for a theater



Figure 1. Hayman's Hammer edition illustration for *Macbeth*

audience. Hanmer's initial notes to Hayman regarding *Julius Caesar* spell out in fair detail a scene from Act IV of the play:

A Camp on the fore-ground a General's tent in which are sitting the two Generals Brutus and Cassius in their martial habits and leaning on each side of a table in warm dispute. Cassius the more passionate and with greater emotion, and must be represented with a lean spare visage: Brutus firm and earnest with an honest open countenance agreeable to his character. (313)

Cassius, as Caesar says, has a "lean and hungry look" (I.ii.194; I.iv; V, 207), but Hayman may have depicted him as too passionate for the editor's taste. Hanmer writes to the artist on 8 August 1741 to comment on the artist's draft design for *Julius Caesar*, complaining of Hayman's characterization:

Brutus here is too old a man and indeed he seems older than Cassius, whereas Cassius should be much older than he. Brutus should be but a middle-aged man with a smooth good countenance and as much manly beauty as you can give him.--*The lean and wrinkled Cassius* is the picture which Shakespeare gives of him in words and so he should appear in your representation: but you may have put too much fury into his looks and action. He looks more like a Russian than a great man in earnest discourse. The hand upon the table signifies properly enough that earnestness, but the other should not be upon his sword; put that, I pray, into some other posture, and mend his looks and his hair, to give him a little more dignity mix'd with his hasty temper. Let not Brutus lean upon books for besides that it gives him too great an affectation of wisdom for his character, it is to be remember'd that they just come off their march and enter into the tent directly so as not to [be] provided with books. (290-91)

Hayman's original design seems to have shown Brutus as too old and too wise, with a penchant for books that Shakespeare mentions late in the scene, just before the Ghost of Caesar appears: Brutus finds the book he "sought for so" in the pocket of his gown (IV.iii.252-3; IV.vi; V, 264) and then, just before the entrance of Caesar's ghost, he remarks, "But let me see. is [sic] not the leaf turned down / Where I left reading?" (IV.iii.273-4; IV.vi; V, 265). Moreover, Cassius does reach for a weapon in the scene, in spite of Hanmer's protest. Unsheathing his dagger, the elder soldier bears his breast and asks Brutus to stab him:

O I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!----There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast, within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at *Caesar*; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

(IV.iii.99-106; IV.iii; V, 259)

Brutus confirms Hayman's impression of Cassius's passionate temperament immediately afterward when he characterizes the older man as one who "carries anger as the flint bears fire, / Which much enforced, shows a hasty spark, / And straight is cold again" (IV.iii.110-113; IV.iii; V, 259). That Cassius would draw a dagger is a crucial and dramatic foreshadowing of his later suicide, an item that a stage director would likely wish to emphasize.

Significantly, in spite of Hanmer's objection, Hayman insists on his interpretive independence by apparently continuing to send the baronet draft designs showing Cassius reaching with his hand upon his sword. In the postscript to his letter of 8 October 1741 to the artist, Hanmer comments,

'Till after I had finish'd this letter I did not observe on the back of the Sketch for Macbeth another trac'd out for Julius Caesar, which Idea well pursued I think would be much better than the other. Most of the objections are removed which I made to the other; but Cassius here too lays his hand upon his sword which would doe very well upon an arm of a chair and so I hope you will order it. Cassius's face is rather of the oldest which you can easily rectify. (293-4)

Hanmer's exceptions to Hayman's second draft design imply that the artist has shown a too elderly Cassius who keeps his hand on his sword. But Hayman's final design (fig. 2) for Hanmer does not include arms on Cassius's chair as Hanmer asks, and he leaves out the sword altogether. Although the gestures and attitude of Cassius betray some passion, Brutus appears especially calm.

The independence Hayman seems to assert in *Julius Caesar* draft designs can be examined against a complementary situation in his design for *Titus Andronicus*



Figure 2. Hayman's Hanmer edition illustration for *Julius Caesar*

(fig. 3). In this case, it is unlikely that Hayman saw the play staged, for of the 16 recorded performances in the first half of the eighteenth century, all were before 1724 (Hogan 461). Hanmer may have seen it staged and have known that the artist was unfamiliar with it, because his instructions to Hayman include clues about the relationship among characters he usually omits:

A room in the Empress's palace. A nurse seeming hurried and in confusion holds in her arms a blackamoor child newly born. Chiron and Demetrius (the Empress's two sons) seem much offended with the sight, and Demetrius hath drawn his sword to kill the child. Aaron a Moor (richly habited) is in the act of drawing his cymitar to defend the child and to oppose Demetrius. The habits must be Roman. (312).

The empress Tamora, a Goth and the lover of Aaron the Moor, had become for political purposes the consort of the emperor Saturninus. However, Tamora gives birth to a Moorish child by Aaron, and because it bears obvious signs of not being the child of Saturninus, her two sons Demetrius and Chiron wish to slay it and preserve their mother's place. Demetrius and Chiron appear to have been previously unaware that Aaron and their mother were lovers:

Dem[etrius]. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar[on]. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi[ron]. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar[on]. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi[ron]. It shall not live.
Aar[on]. It shall not die.
Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar[on]. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem[etrius]. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
(IV.ii.73-85; IV.iii; V, 445-46)

Aaron saves the child but perhaps because *Titus Andronicus* is such an early play, Shakespeare's characters are weakly drawn and commit seemingly irrational acts. The play moves quickly from one sensational atrocity to another without, as Gustav Cross notes, arousing any of the emotions normally associated with tragedy (825).



Figure 3. Hayman's Hammer edition illustration for *Titus Andronicus*

Even if Hayman read the play, the lack of character development in *Titus Andronicus* may have led to the mutual complacency implied by Hanmer's additional remarks:

This I think is well imagined, and the scenery [sic] and ornaments being different from all the other have a good effect. You will make the two young men as genteel and handsome figures as you can and their habits like the Sons of an Empress. And so the Moor must be richly dress'd being a governing favourite [sic]. Inrich his symitar, and nothing adds so much dignity as a Turban I desire you will put one on his head and let it be set off with jewels.
(291-2)

Even though Hanmer wants Hayman to depict a brutal, self-serving act in what is perhaps Shakespeare's most brutal play, the editor concerns himself with the minutiae of Aaron's dress. Aaron hardly deserves the "dignity" of a turban, for among other crimes, he engineered with Tamora the rape and mutilation of Lavinia and the murder of her husband Bassianus. This bizarre play ends with a son of Titus Andronicus, Lucius, dispensing justice as the new emperor:

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.
(V.iii.201-204; V.vii; V, 473)

Lavinia, Tamora, Saturninus, and Titus have already been killed earlier in the scene, so the moral impact of Aaron's punishment is overwhelmed by the free-flowing blood of relatively innocent characters. Amidst so much murder and butchery, the death of one of the perpetrators seems to carry no moral weight. Moreover, despite Lucius's words, there is little sense that vice punished goes hand in hand with a restoration of political stability. As at the end of *Julius Caesar*, the sense of relief that the state has regained a governing head is only tentative, partly overshadowed by the realization that the conditions that led to the instability still preside. That Hayman apparently agrees with Hanmer on the details of the composition for this weakly drawn play when the artist is elsewhere so willing to elaborate on or revise altogether the baronet's instructions suggests that his interpretive independence is founded at least in

part on the presence or absence of strong characters. The play would have appealed to the political experience of Hanmer, but not to the performance minded Hayman, who prefers to illustrate strong characters.

Nonetheless, even when Hayman probably did not see a performance of a play prior to his working on a design, the artist displays an independent ability to translate a text into a visual interpretation. For example, in his design for *Romeo and Juliet*, Hayman builds on Hanmer's directions, seeming to possess an understanding of the play based upon careful reading. Even though *Romeo and Juliet* was performed 96 times in the first half of the eighteenth century, only 57 of those were close versions of Shakespeare's play, and all were performed between 1748 and 1750. Of the 39 eighteenth-century London performances prior to 1748, 29 were of Otway's *Caius Marius*, staged between 1701 and 1735, and the remaining 10 performances were in 1744, of the version by Theophilus Cibber (Hogan 461). Hayman appears to follow Hanmer's instructions to draw

A church yard spread over with graves, and grave-stones. Among the rest and near the church (one small part of which may be shewn) must be raised a handsome entrance as leading down into a Vault (like that in St. Paul's Church yard). The door to be open and the steps leading down to appear in view. Near the door Paris a young man lies just slain in a duel by Romeo, and Romeo is going towards the door as in purpose of descending into the Vault.
(315)

Romeo has already forced the "rotten jaws" of the tomb open, and Paris lies on the ground behind him (fig. 4). Hanmer, however, in spite of his caution to Hayman in his instructions for *Macbeth* "to read over the scene," appears only to have skimmed Shakespeare's play, for the Bard's Romeo obeys the last request of Paris to "lay me with *Juliet*" in the tomb (V.iii.73; V.iv; VI, 309). Nonetheless, the compositional details Hayman adds to Hanmer's instructions intimate that the artist, at least, did read the play carefully. Hayman's composition betrays a heightened awareness of the irony in the final act because the broken door of the tomb visually links the two



ROMEO & JULIET. Act 5. Sc. 4.

Figure 4. Hayman's Hanmer edition illustration for *Romeo and Juliet*

doorways in the design, that of the church with its implication of the thwarted marriage and the one through which Romeo descends. Hanmer, although he calls for Hayman to depict the entrance to the tomb, implies that he wants a much smaller church, only "one small part of which may be shewn." Hayman's compositional change suggests his recognition that doors are an important symbol in this scene, for Romeo calls Juliet's lips "The doors of breath" (V.iii.114; V.iv; VI, 310) just before he toasts her with the poison that kills him (V.iii.119; V.iv; VI, 310). Moreover, the doors of Hayman's illustration anticipate Romeo's own link between marriage and death in his final soliloquy:

shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee [Juliet] here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again.

(V.iii.102-108; V.iv; VI, 310)

Hanmer's instructions for Hayman to draw "a church yard spread over with graves, and grave-stones" implies a larger perspective than the compressed and claustrophobic space the artist creates, an effect heightened by the chiaroscuro produced by the torch in Romeo's hand. Even though Hayman probably did not see the play performed, he betrays a talent for integrating the verbal cues in a play text into the visual details of a scene, and reveals that he does not simply follow the instructions of his editor. He is a close reader of the play, if not of Hanmer's instructions.

Hayman occasionally persuades Hanmer to adopt his own perspective. In his design for *Anthony and Cleopatra*, for example, the artist apparently did not follow Hanmer's directions as outlined in the first paragraph:

A stately monumental fabrick raised to some heighth within an Aegyptian

Temple. Near the top is a floor or stage surrounded with a balustrade where Cleopatra in a royal robe and a crown upon her head is seen lying upon a rich couch and applying an aspick to her breast. Iras one of her women is sunk down with grief by her: Charmian another of them stands by weeping. (313-14)

The baronet later solicits Hayman's opinion on the composition, for he writes to the artist on 8 October 1741 that he "want[s] much to be satisfied how you like my last project for Cleopatra" (Allentuck 293). Then, in the second and third paragraphs (what Charles Rogers notes as "a second instruction"), the baronet reacts agreeably to what appear to be the artist's suggestions for revision:

I think the design promises well, and I hope will come out very right. I suppose you understand that the Aspicks are not to appear in the basket, they are supposed to lye under the fig leaves with which the basket is to be full and nothing but those leaves are to be seen.--the basket is to have an arch'd handle for Cleopatra to lay hold of.

I offer to your consideration only, whether it not be as well to have the Clown's right hand scratching his Head which is the usual action of Countreymen when they take upon them to joke and be merry. When you have thought of it let it be done as you like best. (313-14)

Even while acknowledging Hayman's judgment, however, Hanmer unaccountably insists on particular details like the shape of the basket handle. Still, Hayman's design ignores many of Hanmer's most explicit instructions from the first paragraph (fig. 5): there is no balustrade, Cleopatra does not have a crown on her head, she stands instead of lying on a rich couch, Iras is not "sunk down with grief," Charmian does not appear to be weeping, and the queen is not applying the fatal serpent to her exposed breast. Moreover, Hanmer's text erroneously refers to "Act 5 Sc 5," whereas Hanmer's instructions refer to "Act 5 Sc. 6" (Hayman's design corresponds to V.ii in modern editions). This discrepancy might be explained by a transcription error on the part of either Allentuck or Charles Rogers; there is no "Act 5 Sc. 6" in Hanmer's text. On the other hand, it seems more likely that Hanmer originally had in mind a slightly later scene than did Hayman. Hanmer then approved Hayman's composition for the earlier scene with some small modifications, such as having the clown scratch his



Figure 5. Hayman's Hanmer edition illustration for *Anthony and Cleopatra*

head and putting the snakes under the leaves in the basket. Hayman's design, despite the "Act V Sc 5" title, actually refers to what Hanmer's text designates as V.iv.

But as in his freedom with Hanmer's instructions for *Romeo and Juliet*, here Hayman reveals more than a surface understanding of the play. The artist's design from a slightly earlier scene allows a more subtle comment on the character of Cleopatra, for it includes the comments of the Clown:

Cleo[patra]. Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is
immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never
recover.

Cleo[patra]. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of
them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman, but some-
thing given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of
honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt!
Truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm; but he that will
believe half that they say, shall never be saved by all that they do:
but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

(V.ii.243-57; V.iv; V, 387)

Given Hanmer's scolding of Hayman in his instructions to *Macbeth* for not having "read the scene which you should never fail to doe," it is difficult to understand Hanmer's choice of words ("joke and be merry") in his description of the Clown, especially since his speech is so full of the same ambiguity Shakespeare had developed in earlier characters like Lear's Fool. The Clown seems to have appealed to Hayman, for the presence of this character also marks one of the differences between the moment Hanmer initially selects and the one Hayman draws. What seem to be malapropisms in the Clown's speech ("immortal" for "mortal" and "fallible" for "valuable") further highlight the thematic and symbolic conjunctions of sexuality with death, and of fig leaves with the serpent, issues that would catch the attention of a close reader. Importantly, neither Hayman nor Hanmer probably saw *Anthony and*

Cleopatra performed, for Dryden's *All for Love* completely supplanted Shakespeare's play in the first half of the eighteenth century (Hogan 461). The Drury Lane, New Haymarket, and Covent Garden theaters each staged *All for Love* during the 1730s, and Dryden's adaptation entirely dispenses with the Clown.

Hayman apparently agrees with Hanmer that *Cleopatra* should stand on a raised platform, but the artist's selection of the slightly earlier scene gives additional stress to the self-consciousness of her performance, betrayed partly by her fear that if captured,

saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and stall'd rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us; and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore.

(V.ii.214-12; V.iv; V, 385-86)

The unexplained and simply dressed voyeur figures seated at the right of the design, unaccounted for by the text of either Shakespeare's play or *All for Love*, together with *Cleopatra*'s dramatic pose, adds to the sense that she knows she plays to an audience. Importantly, the inclusion of the Clown, as commentary on *Cleopatra*'s character from a member of the middle or lower classes, accords with Hayman's approach to other Shakespeare illustration more generally, seen in his designs for *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Othello*.

Hayman brings to the tragedies of Shakespeare a middle class understanding; where he can, he tends to emphasize a character undergoing punishment for a vice rather than the more overtly political interpretation favored by Hanmer. This evolving middle class ideology, Laura Brown clarifies, was an amalgam of "the secular epistemology of the Enlightenment, the individualistic and democratic ethic of seventeenth-century Puritanism, the emphasis on civic virtue and responsibility of

the 1688 revolution, the ideology of bourgeois capitalism, and the expansionist mercantile values of early British imperialism" (289-90). This kind of morality, she explains, "is not implied or even understated. It is not to be discovered, achieved, or revealed. It is immediately accessible and functional--through explicit sententiae, exemplary incidents, or the person of a paragon protagonist" (289). Many of Hayman's illustrations for Shakespeare's tragedies, as suggested by the presence of the Clown in his design for *Anthony and Cleopatra*, attempt to bring the characters closer to the audience in order to make the moral message clear, a goal also promoted, for example, by Samuel Richardson's friend Aaron Hill in his prologue to *The Fatal Extravagance*:

The *rants* of *ruin'd* kings, of mighty name,
 For pompous *misery*--small compassion claim:
Empires o'turned, and *heroes*, held in *chains*,
Alarm the mind, but give the heart *no pains*.
 To *ills* remote from our *domestic* fears,
 We lend our *wonder*, but with-hold our *tears*.
 Not so, when, from *such* passion, as our own,
 Some favorite *folly's* dreadful fate is shown;
There the soul *bleeds* for what it feels, *within*,
 And *conscious* *pity* shakes, at suffering sin.

Hill argues that in order for a work to communicate its moral message, the audience has to be able to identify with its characters. By definition, the protagonist of a tragedy falls from high status because of some personal flaw, and as Hill notes, this type of character might seem too distant for a middle class audience just beginning to develop a taste for sensibility.

This new critical sensibility can be seen in Hayman's designs for *Hamlet*. Early editions of Shakespeare's works, like Nicholas Rowe's 1709 and 1714 octavos, show the closet scene from *Hamlet* (fig. 6). Although Hayman echoes this composition in an undated design published by Charles Jennens in 1773 (fig. 7), his refinement of placing a clock above and behind Hamlet reveals a thoughtful



Figure 6. Illustration of the closet scene in *Hamlet* for Nicholas Rowe's 1709 edition



Figure 7. Hayman's closet scene design published by Jennens in 1773

understanding of the play: the prince has delayed avenging his father too long. His paintings for the play scene, however, more clearly stress what Hill terms "suffering sin." The artist further develops his independence when he strives to focus on the guilt and horror of a single character, as revealed by revisions he made to the play scene design executed for the baronet's edition. In these revisions, Hayman takes the highly innovative approach in Shakespeare illustration of focusing on the guilt of Claudius.

Hayman may have based his illustrations on performances of *Hamlet*, for it was by far the most frequently acted of Shakespeare's plays in the first half of the eighteenth century, with 358 performances between 1703-1750 (Hogan 460). Furthermore, scant months before Hayman received the commission from Hanmer to illustrate a new edition of the plays, performance records reveal that the Goodman's Fields Theatre staged at least 4 performances of *Hamlet* between December of 1740 and April of 1741 (Scouten 3, 847-921). Hayman's design for Hanmer depicts the moment when Claudius rises during the staging of what Hamlet calls the "Mousetrap" (fig. 8). Along with the scene of Gonzago's poisoning in the background, spatially set between Hamlet and his unwelcome step-father, Hayman includes another detail that alludes to the potential for political subversion in the theater: the musicians in the gallery above the staging of the play within the play might very well refer to a practice initiated by Henry Giffard of staging his own play within a play in subversion of the Licensing Act of 1737.⁸

Hayman, however, overshadows these details with his emphasis on the confrontation between Claudius and Hamlet. Curiously, Claudius's chair, the back of which W. M. Merchant describes as having a "crown motif" (46), faces toward the viewer, directly away from the "Mousetrap." Because Claudius's coat hangs over one of the chair's arms, it seems likely he has indeed just risen. Unless Claudius rotated his chair at least 90 degrees before standing up, he would have been able to see the



HAMLET. Act 3. Sc. 7.

Figure 8. Hayman's Hanmer edition illustration for *Hamlet*

play only by uncomfortably twisting his neck around. What seems likely is that Hayman purposely placed the chair in this position in order to make a critical point about *Hamlet*. The position of the chair changes the emphasis in the scene from confirming the guilt of the king to the conflict between Hamlet and Claudius. Although Hamlet, Horatio, Gertrude, and Polonius all look at Claudius, the king's emotion is understated in comparison to Hayman's two later paintings of the scene. This design also captures Hamlet's hesitation to avenge his father because even though the prince wears a sword and stares grimly up at Claudius, he also sits on the floor, nearly at the usurper's feet in a pose that draws attention to his unwillingness to act. Rather than emphasizing a single character, this scene shows the confrontation central to the plot, a compositional arrangement that, if due to Hanmer's advice, would be consistent with his interest in politics.

Rogers' manuscript does not include instructions from Hanmer regarding *Hamlet*, but in Hayman's two later versions of the same scene, the artist changes his focus through a closer examination of the guilt of Claudius. In the first of these (fig. 9), the composition differs from the illustration designed for Hanmer, suggesting that the artist might have disagreed with his editor regarding the understated emotion of Claudius. Hayman alters the point of view so that Claudius is in the center of the design, as the production might have been staged. This oil sketch, furthermore, pushes the play-scene all the way upstage and recenters Claudius. W. M. Merchant explains that "it is possible, indeed even probable, that the play-scene would be played forward, towards the apron, both because its dumb show would in that way be more intimately shown and the King's reactions be more the more apparent" (47). Moreover, instead of just pouring poison in Gonzago's ear, Lucianus at the same moment removes the crown from the dead king's head, making the motive for the poisoning more obvious. The painting is also more intimate than the book

illustration; its figures are closer together in a more compressed space, with the players only feet away from their audience.

W. M. Merchant and Karen Newman agree that Claudius wears a sword in this design. W. M. Merchant notes that "the king's own emotion is shown solely in a restrained gesture and convulsive grip of the sword hilt" (46), and Newman, following Merchant's lead, explains that Claudius "has started from his throne and grasps the hilt of his sword" (75).⁹ Even though Claudius seems to grasp a sword hilt in the Vauxhall painting, however, he does not seem to be wearing a sword in any of Hayman's designs for the scene. Claudius may be only making a fist as he does in the design Hayman executed for Hanmer. What Newman and Merchant see may be only a large ring, an interpretation born out by the lack of a sword attached to the hilt. This left-handed gesture would then signal impotence as well as restrained anger. John Bulwer, in his *Chirologia*, describes this kind of gesture, "To shew or shake the bended fist at one," as the "habit [of those] who are angry, threaten, would strike terror, menace, revenge, shew enmity, despite, contempt, humble, challenge, defie, expresse hate, and offer injury" (57), all possible emotions for Claudius at this point in the play. Moreover, if Claudius were wearing a sword, and if he were left-handed, he would not draw it with his left hand unless it were hung on his right hip. It does not seem likely that a man who wears a sword on his left hip would reach for its hilt with his left hand. Claudius simply experiences what Aaron Hill calls "suffering sin." Hayman shows vice punished, and the closed fist suggests the Claudius's impotence in the face of the impending providential outcome.

The oil sketch changes the focus of the scene from the conflict between Hamlet and Claudius to the reaction of Claudius when confronted with his deed (fig. 10). This design is almost identical to the one Hayman executed for the Prince of Wales Pavilion at Vauxhall Gardens. In this last version, however, as Karen Newman notes, Hamlet is missing from the scene. Although she speculates that "Instead of



Figure 10. Hayman's Vauxhall Gardens *Hamlet* play scene

watching Hamlet watch the others, as we do in other renderings of the play scene, we share Hamlet's point of view" (77), she fails to account for a similarly missing Ophelia. In the Vauxhall version, moreover, these figures are not merely missing. The perspective of the Vauxhall painting is much closer to Claudius and more tightly focused on his reaction to the "Mousetrap." Hayman simply may have felt that because the emphasis in the scene is on watching Claudius, the figures of Hamlet and Ophelia were distractions from the central business of watching the guilty king. Significantly, these designs show two distinct perspectives on *Hamlet*, one in Hanmer's text that centers on Claudius's act of political subversion, and one in the Vauxhall painting and its smaller oil sketch version that highlights Claudius's reaction to seeing his usurpation of the crown acted out right before him, with the musicians perhaps signaling the continuing series of subversive maneuvers in the play.

A better documented conflict between the editor and the artist emerges from an examination of Hayman's designs for *King Lear*. The play was performed 186 times in the first half of the eighteenth century, and slightly over half of these performances followed Tate's adaptation (Hogan 461). Hayman could have seen the play at Goodman's Fields, Drury Lane, or Covent Garden, and so he would have been familiar with how it was staged prior to receiving Hanmer's instructions. The baronet desires the artist to show,

A naked barren heath, with a poor thatch'd weather-beaten hovel upon it.
Edgar comes out of the hovel like a Tom o' Bedlam, all in rags, his hair ruffled and gnarl'd and mix'd with straws, and his gesture and action frantick. The King's fool having peep'd into the hovel runs back from the mad-man in a fright. The King bare-headed and in grey hairs stares with amazement at the fellow and fixes great attention upon him. Kent habited like a serving-man waits upon the King. A very stormy night with light'ning and rain. (306-7)

In Hayman's design, Lear is indeed bareheaded, and in other details the artist follows Hanmer's instructions to the letter. But the artist was apparently not pleased with the composition of this design, for a letter from David Garrick to the artist on 10 October

1745 alludes to a scheme for producing a series of plates revised from the Hanmer illustrations, along with particular suggestions for revising Hayman's interpretation of the heath scene in *King Lear*:

If You intend altering the Scene in Lear (w^{ch} bye the bye cannot be mended either in Design or Execution) what think You of the following One? Suppose Lear Mad upon the Ground with Edgar by him; His Attitude Should be leaning upon one hand & pointing Wildly towards the Heavens with his Other, Kent & Fool attend him & Glocester comes to him with a Torch; the real Madness of Lear, the Frantick Affections of Edgar, and the different looks of Concern in the other three Characters will have a fine Effect; Suppose You express Kent's particular Care & distress by putting him upon one Knee begging & entreating him to rise & go with Gloster; but I beg pardon for pretending to give You advice in these Affairs, You may thank Yourself for it, it is Your Flattery has made Me Impertinent. (III, 53)

Hayman apparently took Garrick's advice, because the artist includes some of these suggestions in a design that turns up as the frontispiece for Charles Jennens's octavo edition of *King Lear* in 1774.¹⁰ Unfortunately, a painting that Hayman executed around the time of Garrick's letter for Jonathan Tyers of the storm scene from *King Lear* disappeared after it was auctioned by Jonathan Tyers, Jr. at Christie's in 1830 (Allen, *Francis Hayman* 178).

As in the Hanmer designs for *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, the editor attempts to arrange a tableau less consistent with Hayman's stress on what Aaron Hill calls "suffering sin." Edgar, Kent, and Lear are all at about the same level in the design (fig. 11), and the most interesting figure is the hunched Fool starting away from Edgar and grabbing Lear's cloak. The lightning bolt in the top half of the illustration points at Lear's head, demonstrating his responsibility for the split in the kingdom that occurred when he abdicated, and, perhaps, for his madness. That Hayman puts three of the figures on the same level, however, addresses an additional issue of considerable thematic importance: except for the Fool, no one in the scene is who he is supposed to be. Lear wears no crown, Edgar is Tom o' Bedlam, and Kent is dressed as a servant.



Figure 11. Hayman's Hammer edition design for *King Lear*

Hayman also appears to agree with David Garrick that this scene might be drawn with more emphasis on "Madness" and the "Frantick." Hayman's later design (fig. 12), like his *Hamlet* painting for Vauxhall, centers the character who originates the dramatic conflict. As Garrick advises in his letter to Hayman, the design shows Gloucester entering from the left with a torch as Lear points at the heavens. Moreover, even though Hayman does place "Kent upon one Knee begging & entreating him [Lear]" he tightens up the design by not including the Fool as Garrick recommends. Hayman's later scene emphasizes Lear at the lowest point in his fall, a position stressed by the inverted triangle arrangement of the figures and by the slanting roof of the hovel next to the king's head. Given a freer reign in compositional choice, Hayman clearly chooses to include additional signs that emphasize vice punished or suffering sin in a tragedy.

Hayman confirms this emphasis on depicting suffering characters in his designs for *Othello*. Even though the manuscript discovered by Marcia Allentuck unfortunately does not include instructions for this play, some evidence suggests that Hayman's design for Hammer did not please the artist (fig. 13). David Garrick writes in a letter to Hayman on 10 October 1745 that "the Scene You chose for Othello strikes me more & more & I think cannot be alter'd for the better, 'tis a glorious Subject & You will do it Justice: I have Many thousand Things to say upon this Head, Most of w^{ch} I must defer till I see You" (III, 53). Garrick praises the design that Hayman had selected for his project to sell engravings, mentioned by the actor earlier in this same letter. Even though Garrick only performed the role of Othello three times (7 March 1745, 9 March 1745, and 20 June 1746), he appears very pleased to give his opinion, as he did about Hayman's design for *King Lear*, on the composition of the artist's new design:

I shall now send you my thoughts upon Othello. The scene w^{ch} in my Opinion

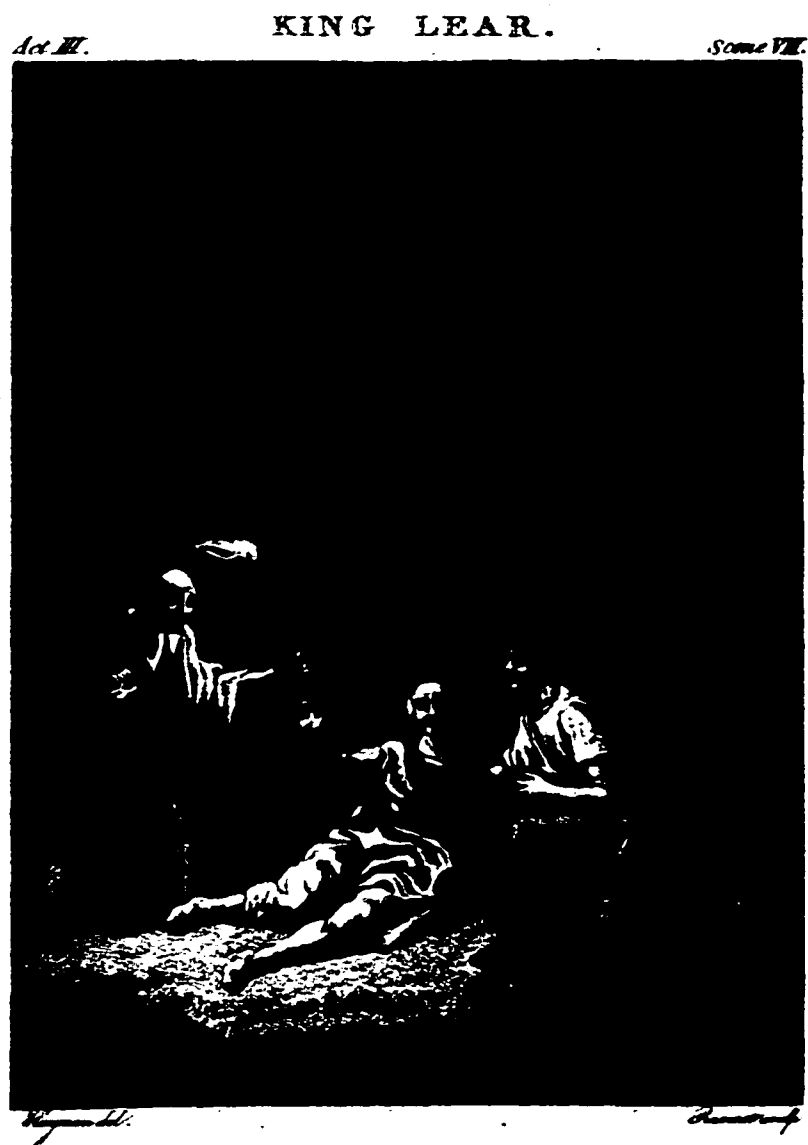


Figure 12. Hayman's *King Lear* illustration published by Jennens in 1774



Figure 13. Hayman's Hammer edition illustration for *Othello*

will make the best Picture, is that point of Time in the last Act, when Emilia discovers to Othello his Error about the Handkerchief

Emil--Oh thou dull Moor! That Handkerchief &c--

Here at once the Whole Catastrophe of the play is unravell'd & the Group of Figures in this Scene, with their different Expressions will produce a finer Effect in painting, than perhaps Any other in all Shakespear, tho as yet never thought of by any of the Designers who have publish'd their Several Prints from y^e same Author. The back Ground you know must be Desdemona murder'd in her bed; the Characters upon the stage are Othello, Montano, Gratiano & Iago: Othello (y^e Principal) upon y^e right hand (I believe) must be thunderstruck with Horror, his Whole figure extended, wth his Eyes turn'd up to Heav'n & his Frame sinking, as it were at Emilia's Discovery. I shall better make you conceive My Notion of this Attitude & Expression when I see You; Emilia must appear in the utmost Vehemence, with a Mixture of Sorrow on Account of her Mistress & I <think> should be in y^e Middle: Iago on y^e left hand should express the greatest perturbation of Mind, & should Shrink up his Body, at y^e opening of his Villany, with his Eyes looking askance (as Milton terms it) on Othello, & gnawing his Lip in anger at his Wife; but this likewise will be describ'd better by giving you the Expression when I see You; the other less capital Characters must be affected according to y^e Circumstances of the Scene, & as they are more or less concern'd in y^e Catastrophe: I could say a great deal upon the Choice of this Scene, but I hate writing, & if the little I have said does not Strike you, pray don't fix upon it out of Complaisance to Me. (III, 82-3)

Hayman's design for Hanmer depicts a slightly earlier scene, when Lodovico brings Othello a letter from Venice ordering his return and putting Cassio in charge of Cyprus. Othello strikes Desdemona in this scene, and Hayman's initial design downplays the violence of the Moor's jealousy with a result similar to Hanmer's insistence on calming Cassius in *Julius Caesar*. In the design for Hanmer, even Othello's right hand, outstretched toward Desdemona, seems restrained, and that the figures are all on a level tends to dissipate the focus of the conflict.

Charles Jennens seems to have used Hayman's design for a 1773 edition of *Othello* (fig. 14), but because there are significant differences between the Jennens design and Garrick's suggestions to Hayman, Garrick apparently did not overly influence the artist in the revision. The Jennens design shows only five figures—Desdemona, Emilia, Othello, Lodovico, and Gratiano—an arrangement that coincides



Figure 14. Hayman's illustration for *Othello* published by Jennens in 1773

with the final lines of the play, where Othello, under the full weight of his error, stabs himself. The Moor's palm-up grip on the dagger in his right hand makes it unlikely that he is about to stab anyone else. Garrick, moreover, mentions Montano, whose final lines appear just before he exits earlier in the scene. Other clues in Garrick's letter suggest that he meant for Hayman to depict a slightly earlier point in the scene, especially Emilia's line "O thou dull Moor" (V.ii.223). For example, Garrick notes that "Emilia must appear in the utmost Vehemence, with a Mixture of Sorrow on Account of her Mistress." In the Jennens design, she appears near death, if she has not already died; moreover, she lies on the right, whereas Garrick had suggested that "she should be in y^e middle." Furthermore, there is no Iago in the Jennens design, "gnawing his Lip" or with "Eyes looking askance." Othello, according to Garrick, should have his "Eyes turn'd up to Heav'n & his Frame sinking, as it were at Emilia's Discovery." "Emilia's Discovery" surely refers to her revelation that she found Desdemona's handkerchief and gave it Iago. If so, she had not yet been stabbed by her husband and she had not yet asked to be laid by her mistress's side (V.ii.238), which would explain how she is capable of the "utmost Vehemence." Hayman, in fact, seems not to have followed his friend's advice too closely, and Garrick might not have been all that enthusiastic, despite his letter, about advising his friend on a play he only rarely performed in. Clearly, this scene is not the moment that "Emilia Discovers to Othello his Error about the Handkerchief" and Hayman did not, as Burnim contends, execute "his plate for this scene with keen regard for Garrick's counsel" (152).

But the Jennens design, even if it does not follow Garrick's advice, does follow a pattern in Hayman's illustrations of Shakespeare's tragedies of highlighting the "suffering sin" of a character. The artist draws Othello just after the Moor finishes his well-known final speech:

Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this.
And say besides that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog
And smote him—thus.

(V.ii.341-52)

Othello seems poised between the world of the living on the left, represented by Lodovico and Gratiano, and the world of the dead on the right, represented by Desdemona and Emilia. The line of the bed draperies, the angle of Othello's dagger, and the Moor's own crouching position suggest downward movement toward death. Unlike the Hanmer design, the Jennens plate shows Othello near his greatest point of "suffering sin."

Taken as a whole, these illustrations show that when given compositional freedom, Hayman displays interpretive independence and chooses to emphasize a single character in his designs for Shakespeare's tragedies. This unusual opportunity to examine the interaction between artist and illustrator shows that through his revisions of Hanmer's instructions, the artist reveals a keen critical judgment about the Bard's plays, based perhaps on a close reading of them or on stage performances. In particular, Hayman's designs for *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Romeo and Juliet* show the artist as an independent thinker with definite ideas about the interpretation of the scenes he illustrates. Other illustrations, such as those for *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello* confirm an interest in the "suffering sin" of a tragic character, values intimating an identification with the emerging middle class. In spite of Hanmer's desire to direct Hayman in the creation of a text which he

envisioned as a national monument to Shakespeare, the artist resists the interpretive entombment of the plays by modifying the baronet's instructions and later revising some of the designs.

Notes

¹ Samuel Johnson would have disagreed with Allentuck's assessment of Hanmer. Writing in his 1765 "Preface to Shakespeare," Johnson complains that Hanmer, "by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority ... he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald" (97).

² *A Biographical Dictionary of Actors, Actresses, Musicians, Dancers, Managers, & Other stage Personnel in London 1660-1800*, edited by Philip H. Highfill, Jr., Kalmin Burnim, and Edward Langhans, disagrees that the "Mr. Hayman" listed in these playbills is the artist. The *Biographical Dictionary* instead suggests that this "Mr. Hayman" is the same actor as the "Mr. Heyman" who turns up in Edinburgh at the New Concert Hall in the mid 1750s. However, this link to Scotland may not be reliable, for the *Biographical Dictionary* also uncritically reprints demonstrably erroneous information about Hayman from the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Specifically, it reports that in 1745 Hayman "presented his painting of 'Moses Striking the Rock' to the Foundling Hospital" (VII, 215). Hayman did present a painting to the Foundling Hospital a year later, but it was of an entirely different Biblical episode, "The Finding of Moses in the Bulrushes."

³ Brian Allen provides a catalog of the artist's work at the end of *Francis Hayman*.

⁴ Hanmer's background is very different from the artist's. Hanmer's native county of Flint elected him to Parliament as a Tory in 1702, and his descendant and biographer, Sir Henry Bunbury, suggests that if the editor did not belong to the October Club, some of whom were accused of being Jacobites, then he at least associated with a few of its members. Both the Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Ormonde, later impeached as Jacobites, courted Hanmer, and at their behest, the baronet spent some time in Paris in 1712. During his visit to Paris, however, Hanmer apparently "did not find sufficient security for the English Church in the character and professions of James, but much to fear from the persons about the Pretender's court" (65). So while Hanmer may have flirted with Jacobites, he did not ally himself with their cause. He became the last Speaker of the House of Commons under Queen Anne, and even though he supported the succession of George I, the new Whig administration nevertheless remained suspicious of him. In 1727, Hanmer resigned his seat in Parliament.

⁵ Other than editions of specific adaptations, such as those for Dryden's *All for Love* or *Caius Marius*, one the best introductions to the subject remains Frederick W. Kilbourne's *Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare*, reprinted by AMS Press in 1973.

⁶ For convenience I have included only the page number when referring to Hanmer's instructions. These numbers refer to Marcia Allentuck's transcript, printed in "Sir Thomas Hanmer Instructs Francis Hayman: An Editor's Notes to his Illustrator," which appears in *Shakespeare Quarterly* 27.3 (Summer 1976).

⁷ Quotes from Shakespeare's text are from Sir Thomas Hanmer's 1744 six volume quarto edition. However, because scene divisions in older editions often do not correspond to modern ones, I have cited those from Alfred Harbage's *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works* as well as those from Hanmer's text. The citations follow the following order: 1) Harbage's modern edition, 2) Hanmer's edition, and 3) Hanmer's volume and page number.

⁸ Arthur Scouten explains that after the passage of the Licensing Act, various schemes were tried in an attempt to get around its restrictions, one of which was Giffard's "concert" formula at Goodman's Fields. This practice involved sandwiching the performance of a play gratis within a long intermission of a concert for which patrons paid. Technically, the performance of plays in this manner did not violate the 1737 Licensing Act, and the "Goodman's Fields company performed for the entire 1740-41 season without interference" (3, liii).

⁹ I am grateful to Professor Newman for helping me trace the origin of the photoreproduction she uses in her essay, "Hayman's Missing Hamlet." According to Brian Allen, the painting from which it was taken remains untraced.

¹⁰ Based chiefly on the absence of the Fool, Kalman Burnim claims in "The Significance of Garrick's Letters to Hayman" that this second illustration is from Tate's version of the play. It shows the second storm scene at a time slightly later than the Hanmer edition illustration.

CHAPTER 2

Hayman's Visual Anti-*Pamela* and the Problem Posed by Illustration¹

By early eighteenth-century standards, Richardson's 1740 *Pamela* met with extraordinary popularity, requiring five duodecimo editions of the first part (*Pamela I*) within two years to meet consumer demand. This reception generated a market for *Pamela* paraphernalia that Bernard Kreissman and others have extensively documented, showing that contemporary consumers were willing to spend money on *Pamela* fans, *Pamela* wax museums, *Pamela* dolls, *Pamela* operas, and a host of other *Pamela* paraphernalia. Moreover, numerous hacks attempted to cash in on the *Pamela* craze, producing imitations of Richardson's novel that remain important as commentary on their original. This response of imitations and anti-*Pamela* literature shows that Richardson's novel, whatever the author's intent may have been, invites a significant degree of hermeneutic discord. Francis Hayman participates in this conflict, for when the artist applies his independent thinking and critical skills to illustrating Richardson's first novel, he produces an anti-*Pamela* nestled uncomfortably within the very pages of the master printer's own book.

As with the project for Hanmer's Shakespeare, the artist collaborated with Hubert Gravelot, who designed 17 of the plates for the master printer and engraved them all. Unfortunately, no instructions from Richardson to the artists have come to light. Two odd facts, however, relate to the publication of the 1742 octavo edition of *Pamela I* and *II*. First, in spite of Richardson's otherwise extensive correspondence, with the exception of single letter in which he refers to the artists without naming them, he does not record his opinion of Hayman and Gravelot's designs. Second, the

octavo edition for which he commissioned the illustrations, first offered for sale to the public in May of 1742, seems not to have sold well, for extra sheets turn up in 1772 with a new title page and without the illustrations.²

In spite of the lack of direct documentary evidence for his project for *Pamela*, the interpretive independence Hayman demonstrates in his designs for Hanmer's Shakespeare suggests that the artist may have read Richardson's text quite closely. The public reaction to *Pamela*, moreover, demonstrates that Hayman would not have been alone in detecting interpretive conflict. For example, even Pamela's fans resist the heroine's dramatic and unlikely rise in social status, perhaps in part for the same reasons cited by Richardson in 1755:

The passion which is generally dignified by the name of Love, and which puts its votaries upon a thousand extravagancies, usually owes its Being rather to ungoverned fancy, than to solid judgment ... Were we to judge of it by the consequences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be called rashness, inconsideration, weakness, any thing, but Love ... When once we dignify the wild misleader by that name, all the absurdities which we read of in novels and romances take place; and we are induced to follow examples, that seldom any where end happily, but in *story*. (*Moral and Instructive Sentiments* 46)

Although the author apparently did not admit the interpretive tensions in *Pamela* early on, Richardson hints here that he later understood the contradiction that critics of his novel recognized: how can the intent printed on the title page to "cultivate the Principles of Virtue" be reconciled with the unlikelihood of the marriage plot resolution, made even more uncomfortable in this case by class boundary violation?

Contemporary piracies of Richardson's text sometimes resolve this issue by rewriting Pamela's parentage so that John Andrews is not a struggling ditch digger, but instead a well born man whose fortune failed. For example, the spurious 1741 *Pamela in High Life: or, Virtue Rewarded* insists that Pamela's father was "a

considerable Merchant in *London*" and "had a small Patrimony in the County of *Bedford*" (xxix). When John Andrews retired to his "Country-Seat at *Edmonton*" (xxx), his son Robert, who had the responsibility of managing the family business, wasted the entire family fortune through his rakish lifestyle. When this prodigal fled to Holland, John Andrews was forced to sell the family assets to pay off debt and move his family to the village, where he squeezed out a meager existence as a teacher of poor children. Similarly, the anonymous *The Life of Pamela*, printed that same year, insists that Pamela was an only child and that "Mr. John Andrews, a very honest and worthy Man, who liv'd in a yeomanly way, partly as a Gentleman, and partly as a Farmer" (1-2) lost everything through an unwise investment in South Sea stock. This desire to rewrite the heroine's history reveals that at least some of Pamela's readers question the likelihood of a poor and virtuous servant girl so dramatically rising in social status.

Utter disbelief in the likelihood of Richardson's plot, in fact, appears to have driven several of the master printer's imitators, who with few exceptions rewrite Pamela to have either no virtue or to belong to a higher social class. The narrator of the anonymous *The Life of Pamela*, for example, portrays the same class prejudice initially displayed by Richardson's Mr. B. When Pamela rejects Mr. Belmour's [Mr. B.'s] advances at the summer house, the narrator writes, "being thus disappointed in his Expectations, Men of his Rank thinking it impossible to find any real Virtue in Persons of her Condition, could not forbear being a little angry" (43). Henry Fielding, moreover, supports the view of Mr. Belmour when his servant class Shamela discloses the complete pretense of her virtue. The anonymous author of

Pamela: or, the Fair Impostor, meanwhile, also displays class prejudice, believing that the heroine's virtue masks a cunning colonial enterprise. His five cantos of anti-*Pamela* wit open with an echo of Virgil's *Aeneid*:

Of Female Wiles I sing, their subtle Art,
To lure Mankind, and captivate the Heart;
O'er human Race their Empire to extend,
Who Reason's Aid's too feeble to defend.

Although Richardson would have his heroine's virtue overcome social divisions, this Pamela's "Female Wiles" make her a threatening invader of the status quo. Moreover, in addition to displacing anxiety about class intermingling into parody, in anti-*Pamela* fashion, this writer begins by assuming that Richardson's heroine only wears a mask of virtue.

Hayman's employer at the Goodman's Fields and Drury Lane Theaters, Henry Giffard, reacts to Richardson's novel by reworking the plot into a stage production. His *Pamela, a Comedy* was performed 17 times at Goodman's Fields, for the first time on 9 November 1741 (Scouten 3, 941). The artist's friend David Garrick played Jack Smatter, Giffard's avatar for Lord Jackey, and Hayman's association with the theater suggests that he saw at least one performance. Importantly, Giffard arrives at a unique solution to the dubiousness of Richardson's plot noted by *Pamela* imitators. Rather than question Pamela's virtue or class status, the comic genre allows Giffard to overturn the power structure suggested by Richardson's novel. Belvile [Mr. B.] first relies on class prejudice in his complaint that Pamela is too virtuous for her humble origin:

shall I now suffer a peevish low born Girl to interrupt [the] Course [of my pleasures], and with the musty Principles of Virtue preach me from my purpose?—No! I am determin'd not to sacrifice my Pursuits of Pleasure and substantial Joy to her [Pamela's] wild imaginary Notions of Virtue and Honour.— 'Tis certainly the first Time they ever took such deep Root in a Cottage, and I'll yet try if I have not Force enough to destroy these wondrous rural Battlements, and reduce the romantic Governor to capitulate. (I.iii)

Like Pamela herself, the servants disrupt Belvile's position of authority from the first line, when Isaac proclaims "Mercy on us! why this House is going to be turn'd topsy-turvy, to be sure!" The world is indeed upside down in this play, for the servants control the action, undercutting Belvile's plan to debauch Pamela. Even Richardson's frightening Mrs. Jewkes loses interest in guarding the heroine and marries Colebrand.

Importantly, Pamela's wedding takes place offstage between Acts IV and V, an elision that, because it seems unusual for a comedy, might betray some anxiety about virtue being rewarded by the quick rise in social status that this dramatic form already emphasizes more than does the slower paced novel. The selection of the wedding as the subject for the frontispiece in the published version of the play suggests that the bookseller, at least, saw this ceremony as an unmet expectation. Showing Pamela's wedding on stage would draw additional attention to the fact that in this comedy, when the world turns upside down, it does not right itself.

As the frontispiece for *Pamela, a Comedy* shows, Richardson was not the first to commission illustrations for *Pamela*. Like the one for Giffard's play, these illustrations are all anonymous, but many support the critical readings of Richardson's novel in the texts they accompany. Although the *Life of Pamela* includes eleven illustrations, two of which are obviously executed for another work altogether,³ *Pamela in High Life: or, Virtue Rewarded*, with its spurious history of the Andrews family, includes five anonymous illustrations which emphasize Pamela's purported moral hygiene. For example, the first illustration shows Pamela and her family strolling up to church. But these illustrated imitations also intimate through the selection of particular scenes some of the interpretive stress points in Richardson's narrative. *Pamela in High Life* depicts the scene following Pamela's aborted escape from Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire estate, when she throws her clothes into the pond, a scene Hayman also draws. Importantly, this imitation also clearly shows Pamela framed within the walls of Mr. B.'s garden, with the house in the background. The

perspective is from above and outside the walls, while Pamela sits on the inside. The viewer sees Pamela from *over* the wall of Mr. B.'s estate, not from *within* it as in Richardson's novel. By visual implication readers remain beyond the possibility of Pamela's good fortune, a barrier perhaps also unconsciously maintained by these writers when, instead of imitating Pamela's personal viewpoint, they rely on the third person.

Although Pamela's imitators abuse her character or raise her social status, some critics did not look beyond Richardson's own text. *Pamela Censured*, for example, raises an issue important to the reception of Richardson's first novel. As Charles Batten notes in his introduction to this anonymous work, Richardson's claim to editorial rather than authorial status would have already been understood as spurious because "the guise of telling a true story had virtually become a fictional convention by this time" (iii). The anonymous author of *Pamela Censured* develops the implications of *Pamela*'s fictionality in two ways. First, he notes that if the author of *Pamela* and its editor are the same person, then the complimentary prefatory letters suggest that immoral vanity drives the novel, not a desire to inculcate "the Principles of Virtue in the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes." *Pamela Censured*, moreover, condemns the still nominally anonymous Richardson for his autopanegyric impulse: "by presenting your Readers with a *Prologue* to your own *Praise*, you would *prepossess* them with *Applause*, and fondly *surfeit* on the *Eccho*" (10). Second, if the author's stated intent rings false, then "instead of being divested of all Images that tend to *inflame*" Pamela's letters "necessarily raise in the unwary Youth that read them, Emotions *far distant* from the Principles of Virtue" (10). If Richardson had advertised *Pamela* as a romance, then the book might have easily sunk without controversy into relative obscurity. However, the didactic moral claim Richardson makes for *Pamela*, together with his obvious pose as the anonymous editor who also

makes use of the convention of calling his book a true story, endows the heroine with the interpretive tensions noted by her imitators.

Pamela Censured raises the additional question of Pamela's ability to manipulate an audience, an issue of some importance in Hayman's designs. The anonymous writer maintains that Pamela uses her clothing as part of a conscious plan to capture Mr. B. Richardson, he explains,

contrive[s] to give us her Picture in a simple rural Dress; the Squire fir'd at the View of those lovely Limbs is still kept warm by Variety, and, cloath'd in a Disguise, they are again to attack him in another Shape: She, who could charm so much in a loose Undress on the Floor, must doubtless keep that Ardour still alive, dress'd in the unaffected Embellishments of a neat Country Girl. (34-5)

The author of *Pamela Censured* finds Richardson's book dangerously instructive for the servant class, and anticipates the transgressive sexual behaviour of Aunt Dinah in Sterne's comedy *Tristram Shandy*:

It must equally make the Ladies conclude that if they can find any thing more deserving in their Footmen than the Young Gentlemen, who by a suitable Rank and Fortune are designed to be their Suitors, they are under no Obligation to chuse the latter, but all meritoriously throwing down all Distinction of Family and taking up with the former. (18-19)

Furthermore, the author of *Pamela Censured* suggests that even without the licentiously characterized intermingling of social class, Richardson's project is morally corrupt in part because the "warm scenes" might influence young women to develop the habit of onanism:

If she is contented with only wishing for the same Trial to shew the Steadiness of her Virtue it is sufficient; but if Nature should be too powerful, as Nature at Sixteen is a very formidable Enemy tho' Shame and the Censure of the World may restrain her from openly gratifying the criminal Thought, yet she privately may seek Remedies which may drive her to the most unnatural Excesses. (24)

Richardson's text, this writer insists, works against its title page claim to "cultivate the Principles of Virtue." Richardson, by inciting powerful "Nature" to disrupt the social

prohibitions that regulate, contain, and define virtue, thwarts his own project. Although the author of *Pamela Censured* certainly overstates the case when he claims that "there are such *Scenes of Love*, and such *lewd Ideas*, as must fill the Youth that read them with *Sentiments* and *Desires* worse than Rochester can" (24), he correctly maintains that because the book violates boundaries on several levels, the author problematizes its interpretation, a curious result for an author like Richardson, who on the surface at least seems committed to reinforcing boundaries at the level of moral instruction.

While Richardson may be entirely sincere in his moral project, Hayman need not have looked further than Richardson's own book to see the severe hermeneutic division that its boundary crossing invites. Pamela herself raises the issue of disguise and disingenuousness in Letter XXIII, creating the opportunity for an anti-*Pamela* reading of Richardson's own book. For example, since Pamela writes that she had just gone away from a room where she had been displayed to a group of ladies, she must have paused to listen at the door in order to hear Lady Brooks exclaim that she "never saw such a Face and Shape in my Life; why she must be better descended than you have told me!" (I, 78).⁴ A few lines later in the same letter, Pamela writes that "their Clacks run for half an Hour in my Praises, and glad was I, when I got out of the Hearing of them." Having just left the room, as she reports, and glad to "get out of the Hearing of them," why then does she apparently linger at the door for "half an Hour" while the praise continues? As the author of *Pamela Censured* suggests, early in the book, Pamela seems to understand how to use clothes to manipulate Mr. B. For example, she claims that she has "put on no Disguise" (I, 85) and accounts for her new garments to Mr. B. with an explanation that Fielding's Molly Seagrim from *Tom Jones* would understand:

I have been in Disguise indeed ever since my good Lady, your Mother, took

me from my poor Parents. I came to her Ladyship so poor and mean, that these Cloaths I have on, are a princely Suit, to those I had then. And her Goodness heap'd upon me rich Cloaths, and other Bounties: And as I am now returning to my poor Parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being whooted [sic] at. (I, 85-6)

In the social context of eighteenth-century Britain, Pamela's reasoning seems straightforward and sound. But just a few lines earlier, when she describes the scene in which Mr. B. does not initially recognize her after she has redressed herself in clothes of a simpler design than those she wears as a waiting maid, she quotes the young squire as remarking "you are a lovelier Girl by half than *Pamela*" (I, 85). Yet knowing that Mr. B. finds her even more attractive in her simple dress, she does not change her attire, creating suspicion that she dresses in order to attract him. Thus while Pamela reminds readers of the social barrier between her and Mr. B., she appears to encourage his transgression of it.

Interpretive difficulties raised by the preceding scene may explain why Richardson was so clearly concerned with how readers read *Pamela*. For example, when made aware of Richard Chandler's commissioning of John Kelly to write *Pamela's Conduct in High Life*, Richardson wrote to James Leake that he "was resolved to do it [continue *Pamela*] myself, rather than my Plan should be basely Ravished out of my Hands, and, probably, my Characters depreciated and debased, by those who knew nothing of the Story, nor the Delicacy required in the Continuation of the Piece" (*Selected Letters* 43). Richardson's use of "Ravished," "depreciated," "debased," and "Delicacy" in this letter suggests a profound anxiety that *Pamela* could be, from his point of view, abused. As his sequel (*Pamela II*) ironically confirms, however, the master printer was at times his own worst editor.

The master printer apparently turned to illustration as a way to rein in the alternate readings that plagued it, and he demonstrates this concern over interpretation by his flirtation with Hayman's friend William Hogarth as a designer of plates for the second edition of *Pamela I*. Aaron Hill, for example, notes in a letter to Richardson

in December 1740 that "The designs you have taken for frontispieces [to *Pamela*], seem to have been very judiciously chosen; upon presupposition that Mr. Hogarth is able (and if any-body is, it is he), to teach pictures to speak and think" (*Correspondence* I, 156). In light of Horace Walpole's later comment that Hogarth "could not bend his talents to think after any body else" (IV, 152-53), Richardson's presumption that the artist's designs would confirm the printer's own interpretation of *Pamela* appears odd.

Nevertheless, Richardson may have perceived quickly Hogarth's interpretive independence, and he never included the artist's designs in *Pamela*. In his preface to the second edition, Richardson apologizes for not meeting his audience's expectation that the artist's illustrations would appear:

it was intended to prefix two neat Frontispieces to this Edition ... and one was actually finished for that purpose; but there not being Time for the other ... and the Engraving part ... having fallen very short of the Spirit of the Passages they were intended to represent, the Proprietors were advised to lay them aside. (I, xxxvi)

The "Proprietors" means Richardson, along with Osborn and Rivington, to whom, as William Sale records, the master printer had sold two-thirds of the copyright for the first two volumes of *Pamela* (*Bibliographic Record* 16). Curiously, as Duncan Eaves notes, the original drawings have disappeared, and the plates or the impressions made from them have failed to turn up among the extensively documented paraphernalia of the *Pamela* craze (350). Nonetheless, Richardson continued his effort to produce an illustrated edition of *Pamela I and II*.

In a letter to Ralph Allen on 8 October 1741, Richardson enthusiastically lays out his plan for the forthcoming octavo edition of *Pamela I and II*, apparently unconcerned that an illustrator other than Hogarth might also compromise his project:

Your Objection to a Passage in one of the introductory Letters, is as just as it is kind; and I wish I had adverted to it before; But when I come to perfect the Design in the Publication of the New Volumes, I am advised to omit both the

Introductory Preface in the future editions of the two first: And shall do it in an Octavo Edition I am Printing, which is to have Cuts to it, done by the Best Hands [Hayman and Gravelot]. And indeed the Praises in those Pieces are carried so high, that since I could not pass as the Editor only, as I once hoped to do, I wish they had never been Inserted. (*Selected Letters* 51-2)

Although Richardson planned the format of the octavo edition and appeared confident in his choice of illustrators, his revisionary drive and apparent craving for correspondence reacting to his novels implies that he was not at all confident in how his work was being interpreted.⁵

Indeed, Richardson seems not to have chosen the "Best Hands" in Hayman and Gravelot for a reading of *Pamela*. Marcia Allentuck notes that the artists' designs "lack the psychological penetration that can fire a tableau with a life of its own" and that there is a "curious alienation between text and illustration in almost every instance" (880-81). She concludes,

The illustrations do not vivify the text: they implicate the reader only in a negative way. They are oversimplifications that Richardson is trying to impose on his own creation and they lack the psychological truths of the text. Their only virtue, aside from superficial embellishment, lies in forcing the reader to immerse himself [or herself] again in the actualities of Richardson's verbal narrative, an irony that the commissioner may not have appreciated. ("Narration and Illustration" 886)

The "irony" here is that what "Richardson is trying to impose on his text" is not the same as Hayman and Gravelot's reading of *Pamela I* and *II*. The artists necessarily offer a variant reading because any illustration is an interpretation, especially in a novel Richardson himself characterizes in a letter to George Cheyne on 31 August 1741 as "presum[ing] much on my intention" (*Selected Letters* 49). Thus the illustrations are not "oversimplifications" of the text but potential commentary on it.

In the early months of *Pamela*'s success, Richardson appears to have misunderstood on some fundamental level the implications of his narrative, its imitations, and the problem posed by illustrations. Hayman and Gravelot's *Pamela I* and *II* designs, like the pro- and anti-*Pamela* reactions current in the early 1740s, are

not instrumental in the sense that they merely transmit Richardson's text through a neutral medium. Like all readers of *Pamela*, the artists formed opinions which emerge in their designs. For example, when Hayman emphasizes Pamela's acting ability in his design showing Sir Jacob Swynford greeting the heroine (fig. 1), he participates in the hermeneutic conflict already present in Richardson's text and demonstrated in imitations of it. A grinning figure peering from out of the left side of the illustration points toward Sir Jacob's greeting of "Lady Jenny," a role Pamela hastily adopts at the Countess of C.'s prompting. Even though there is no documentary evidence that the artist intends to undercut Richardson's project, he manages the scene in such a way as to draw attention to the heroine's dramatic aptitude and potential insincerity, particularly striking in light of the anti-*Pamela* component of the novel's reception.

Janet Aikins identifies the grinning figure as Lord Jackey, noting that "the words of *Pamela II*, when published without the pictures, have caused readers to misinterpret the married Pamela as a woman of pious complacency" ("Re-Presenting the Body" 161).⁶ In this case, the visual discourse highlights a specific aspect of Pamela's behavior, her ability to adopt quickly roles that promote her upward social mobility. The heroine convinces Sir Jacob that she is not pregnant, despite his own intuition to the contrary. Taking Pamela by the hand, and "surveying" her from "Head to Foot," Sir Jacob remarks, "Why, truly, you're a charming Creature, Miss--Lady Jenny, I would say--By your Leave, once more!--Upon my Soul, my Lady Countess, she is a Charmer--But--But ... Are you marry'd Madam?" (III, 377). Like uncritical readers of *Pamela II*, Sir Jacob has to deny what he sees with his own eyes in order to favor the Countess of C.'s hastily contrived interpretation: "What a Hoop you wear!" the noblewoman says, "It makes you look I can't tell how!" (III, 387). Pamela had been pregnant with meaning in an earlier episode, expanding her skirts



Figure 1. From III, 377 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

with the letters she failed to disclose even after Mr. B. threatened to "strip" his "pretty Pamela" (I, 392) in order to read them.

Hayman seems to agree with readers who view the heroine as disingenuous. A satirical figure similar to the one in Hayman's design peers out of Hogarth's "The Discovery" (fig. 2), which Ronald Paulson dates to between 1738 and 1743 (*Graphic Works* I, 187-88). The print depicts a joke played by The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, a club to which both Hayman and Hogarth belonged: a man who has been bragging about his amours is confronted with his having seduced a black woman. Hayman uses a similar pose in a scene for Benjamin Hoadly's comedy, *The Suspicious Husband*, where Ranger has mistaken the masked Clarinda for an easy woman (fig. 3). Perhaps Pamela, like the woman in the "The Discovery," has been part of an elaborately staged strategy of seduction. Alternately, perhaps readers, as Hoadly's Ranger discovers, should beware what masks conceal. In light of these contemporary designs, Hayman's use of this arrangement of figures suggests Pamela's facility with hasty poses. The smirking figure, perhaps like Hayman himself, comments on Pamela's theatricality.

This ambiguous design in Richardson's octavo is part of a pattern beginning as early as the second illustration (fig. 4). Hayman shows Pamela pointing out her three bundles to Mrs. Jervis in what Richardson calls the "green room," a term the OED cites as first used in its theatrical context in 1701. The illustration does resemble a theatrical stage, a kind of architecture already familiar to Hayman from his work as a scene painter at the Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. B., supposedly hidden from Pamela, peeks out boldly from behind the curtain to the left of heroine. If this simultaneously hidden and visible Mr. B. reflects a theatrical convention, then it is one that Richardson draws on as well as Hayman, for in his text, Pamela goes out of her way to mention three times in the space of a few paragraphs that Mr. B. had been hidden from her: "she [Jervis] had prepar'd my Master for this Scene, unknown to me" (I,



Figure 2. William Hogarth, "The Discovery" (1738-42)



Figure 3. Hayman's scene from "The Suspicious Husband" (c. 1752)



Figure 4. From I, 123 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

121); "he [Mr. B.] had got, unknown to me, into this Closet" (I, 121); "for I [Pamela] was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me" (I, 122). But in the context of a novel already fraught with seriously divergent interpretations, the placement of the figures makes Pamela's insistence that she did not know of Mr. B.'s presence potentially suspect. Mr. B. is visible to readers in full figure, and even if he does not stand in Pamela's line of sight, the heroine might easily have caught him in her peripheral vision. If Hayman merely makes use of a theatrical convention in this composition, then he still undercuts the sincerity of Richardson's heroine because he depicts her as an actress playing a role. Hayman undercuts whatever verisimilitude Richardson desired to achieve with his epistolary format.

Hayman's design offers more ambiguity in the fifth illustration (fig. 5). Here the heroine hides in the wood-house while the servants in the background find articles of her clothing floating in the pond. Pamela writes that during this escape attempt, she discovers that her key would not open the garden gate (I, 283), and so she contemplates suicide, "lay[ing] down, as you may imagine, with a Mind just broken, and a Heart sensible to nothing but the extremest Woe and Dejection" (I, 290-91). She had "flung" her "Upper coat, ... Neck-handkerchief, ... and "round-ear'd Cap" into the pond, however, *before* trying the lock (I, 283), as a diversion for her escape. Pamela misses the irony of her "Thought ..., surely of the Devil's Instigation," that if she threw herself into the pond, "these wicked Wretches, who now have no Remorse, no Pity on me, will then be mov'd to lament their Misdoings; and when they see the dead Corpse of the unhappy *Pamela* dragg'd out to these dewy Banks, and lying breathless at their Feet, they will find that Remorse to soften their obdurate Hearts, which, now, has no Place there!" (I, 286-87). Her original plan was to mislead Mr. B.'s household into exactly the same kind of remorse by throwing her clothes into the pond. Although the servants would not have found her body, the pre-planned suicide ruse is certainly an attempt to manipulate Mr. B.'s affections. By this point in novel,



Figure 5. From I, 290 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

Pamela is fully aware that the squire reads her letters, and this knowledge argues that her contemplation of suicide is only another hasty contrivance.

One might freely read Hayman's design as confirming Pamela's staging of the scene. The heroine looks slightly bored, not distressed, and the split between the background and foreground at the woodhouse door might recall for readers a theater's proscenium arch. Moreover, Hayman and Gravelot appear to read Pamela as wishing to prolong, by remaining hidden, whatever remorse the servants might feel, merely watching as "some weeping and some wailing, [and] some running here and there" (I, 293) prepare to drag the pond. Pamela might write that she is "Dejected," but Hayman's later vignette series of the passions, engraved by Charles Grignion for *The Preceptor*, shows a completely different countenance for sadness, just as does John Williams's 1734 popular translation of Charles LeBrun's lectures. Even though Hayman uses a similar pose for female subjects later in his career, as in "Cymon and Iphigenia," he never does so with the same awkward effect. Pamela has not really committed suicide, and the high-flown rhetoric of her soliloquy only draws attention to the seeming contrivance of her rhetorical pose:

Tempt not God's Goodness on the mossy Banks, that have been Witness of thy guilty Purpose; and while thou hast Power left thee, avoid the tempting Evil, lest thy Grand enemy, now repuls'd by Divine Grace, and due Reflection, return to the Assault with a Force that thy Weakness may not be able to resist! And lest one rash Moment destroy all the Convictions which now have aw'd thy rebellious Mind into Duty and Resignation to the Divine Will! (I, 290)

She is no Ophelia, merely a fifteen year-old girl highly aware of Mr. B.'s insistent voyeurism. Pamela's unnatural pose in the illustration draws attention to her bombastic commentary, one of the elements that makes anti-*Pamelas* so easy for writers to churn out and one reason Hayman's designs can so easily support an anti-*Pamela* reading of the novel. The additional complexity generated by Hayman's

designs exacerbates the problem of interpreting a conflicted text that already invites multiple readings.

As in the woodhouse scene, in the twelfth illustration (fig. 6), Hayman shows the heroine's face turned theatrically outward, as though Pamela wants to be sure her readers watch her. In spite of Pamela's epistolary insistence on her speed of flight, the lack of what Allentuck calls a "Hogarthian quality of motion" in the illustration is obvious. The only sense of speed in the illustration appears in Pamela's hat ribbons and dress, which blow back from her body. Pamela's feet are not far enough apart to suggest great speed, and one of them is on the ground. Like Pamela's earlier nervous insistence that she did not know Mr. B. was hiding behind the curtain in the green room, here she warrants that she ran away as fast as she could (II, 267). A few paragraphs later, Pamela restates her claim by repeating what she heard Lady Davers say: "The Creature flies like a Bird!" (II, 268). Pamela also reports the opinion of Mr. Colbrand, who "told Mrs. *Jewkes*, when he got home, that he never saw a Runner such as me, in his Life" (II, 268). Pamela's quotations about her speed, however, only give the illusion of additional eyewitness testimony because they are hearsay. Although Pamela is keen to report that she runs fast, the illustration, if read as an anti-*Pamela* reaction to the text, suggests that she is too concerned with making the point. By drawing attention to the speed of her flight in the text, she throws it into doubt because, as in the illustration, she wants to be certain that everyone knows how much she wanted to flee. Pamela's emphasis on her speed reflects anxiety about how others view her veracity, and to some readers, the illustration could suggest an exaggeration or disingenuousness in the heroine's account.

The fourth illustration (fig. 7) initially seems curiously bland, but it might also be read as an example of Pamela's insincerity. The heroine has hinted at Mrs. Jewkes's lesbian interest in her prior to this event, most obviously when she writes about her carriage ride with her keeper: "You may see ... what sort of Woman this



Figure 6. From II, 267 of Richardson's 1742 octavo



Figure 7. From I, 214 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

Mrs. *Jewkes* is ... every now and then she would be staring in my Face, in the Chariot, and squeezing my Hand, saying, Why, you are very pretty, my silent dear! And once she offer'd to kiss me. But I said, I don't like this sort of Carriage, Mrs. *Jewkes*; it is not like Persons of one Sex" (I, 173). The anonymous author of *Pamela Censured*, commenting on the same passage, confirms that eighteenth-century readers might have also noted the lesbian interest of Pamela's keeper. He complains that "There are at present, I am sorry to say it, too many who assume the Characters of Women of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Cast, I mean *Lovers of their own Sex*[:] Pamela seems to be acquainted with this, and indeed shews so much Virtue, that she has no Objection to the Male Sex as too many of her own have" (50-51). If the author of *Pamela Censured* overstates the case, then at least playgoers who saw *Pamela, a Comedy* surely noted the masculine traits of Giffard's Mrs. Jewkes, for according to the cast list in the 1741 edition printed for H. Hubbard, a "Mr. Yates" acted in the role.

In Hayman's design, Pamela has been fishing, standing with a carp in her hand, and just about to throw it back into the pond. Mrs. Jewkes, lounging at Pamela's feet, reaches into the bait basket with her left hand, and grasps the hook in her right. In Richardson's book, Pamela makes the fish into a kind of text that reflects her own situation:

we took a turn in the Garden, to Angle, as Mrs. *Jewkes* had promis'd me. She baited the Hook, I held it, and soon hooked a lovely Carp. Play it, play it, said she. I did, and brought it to the Bank. A sad Thought just then came into my Head; and I took it, and I threw it in again; O the Pleasure it seem'd to have, to flounce in, when at Liberty! Why this? says she. O Mrs. *Jewkes*! said I, I was thinking this poor Carp was the unhappy *Pamela*. I was likening you and myself to my naughty Master. As we hooked and deceived the poor Carp, so was I betrayed by the false Baits; and when you said, Play it, play it, it went to my Heart, to think I should sport with the Destruction of the poor Fish I had betray'd; I could not but fling it in again: And did you not see the Joy with which the Happy carp flounc'd from us? (I, 214)

On the surface, at least, Pamela's allegory is consistent with the contemporary moral symbolism of fishing, noted by Brian Allen in T. J. Edlelstein's *Vauxhall Gardens*

(29).⁷ But one does not have to look very far to see a pathetic fallacy so extreme that it undercuts the sincerity of Pamela's distress. The fishing excursion is nothing more than "a simple Wile" (I, 215) to deposit a letter near the postal sunflower in the garden where Pamela had earlier planted some beans: "So you see, dear Father and Mother, ... that this furnishes me with a good Excuse to look after my Garden another time ... She [Mrs. Jewkes] mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here-and-there my Beans, for about the Length of five Ells, of each Side of the Sun-flower; and easily Deposited my Letter" (I, 215). Pamela is "not a little proud ... of this Contrivance" (I, 215), and readers of Hayman's illustration might very easily note that the heroine seems aware of Mrs. Jewkes's attraction to her.

Importantly, Hayman seems to understand Pamela's duplicity here, for he overturns the moral lesson in the allegory about the fish. The rod that Pamela grasps so firmly in her left hand appears an obvious phallic symbol, and Mrs. Jewkes's left hand reaches into a round bait basket with a partially closed lid, a symbol like Sophia Western's muff in *Tom Jones*. Her hand in the bait basket draws attention to the lure she misreads in the subtle turnabout of the allegory: Mrs. Jewkes is really the fish, and Pamela's story is the bait. Mrs. Jewkes has been hooked and reeled in so that Pamela can wander off to do her epistolary gardening. Furthermore, the rod in Pamela's hand, together with Mrs. Jewkes's position at Pamela's feet, reverses the captor/captive hierarchy on the surface of the text, implying that the heroine possesses the actual authority in the scene, confirmed by her textual manipulation. The disingenuousness of Pamela's seemingly confused pathetic fallacy about the fish demonstrates her capacity for making her fiction somehow believable. The arrangement of the figures in the illustration intimates that it is not the fish who is hooked, but Mrs. Jewkes.

Hayman's designs also draw attention to the perceived inappropriateness in anti-*Pamela* literature of the heroine's social climbing. The third illustration (fig. 8)



Figure 8. From I, 151 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

depicts the initial confrontation between Mr. B. and Goodman Andrews, just after Pamela has been taken to Lincolnshire. In the illustration, the effeminate and young-looking Mr. B. has an odd vulval fold in the crotch of his trousers. Furthermore, he leans back and away from Goodman Andrews, folding his arms across his chest. In contrast, Richardson's words cast Mr. B. in a far more authoritative role:

"What!" said the 'Squire, pretending Anger, am I to be doubted?--Do you believe I can have any View upon your Daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take such Methods as *these* to effect it?--Why, surely, Man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to! ... May I not have my Word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer anything dishonourable to your Daughter? Is there anything looks like it? Pr'ythee, Man, recollect a little who I am; and if I am not to be believed, what signifies talking? (I, 152)

Hayman seems to be aware that Mr. B. lies to Goodman Andrews, and this knowledge manifests in the complete deflation of rhetorical authority and class status that putatively place the squire in charge of this scene.

But an anti-*Pamela* reading of Hayman's design would not stop with lowering Mr. B.: the illustration could suggest that Goodman Andrews's concern for his daughter is insincere. Hayman places an oddly strong bar of light on a closet behind the figure of Goodman Andrews that forms a bar sinister behind his head, a feature repeated behind Pamela's head in the twenty-fourth illustration, in which Goody and Goodman Andrews pray over the cradle of little Billy.⁸ A tapestry on the wall on the right side of the design hints at the heraldic reading of this bar of light, a conjecture supported by the context of anti-*Pamela* authors who stress the heroine's social illegitimacy. Moreover, with a few material gifts, Mr. B. dissipates whatever concern Goodman Andrews might have had for Pamela. Mr. B. tells Mrs. Jervis to "make the good Man as welcome as you can; and let me have no Uproar about the Matter" (I, 152), just before he "bid her give him [Goodman Andrews] a couple of Guineas" (I, 152). Goodman Andrews regains "a tolerable Ease of Mind" (I, 152) and receives the money in the same sentence, an ironic conjunction in light of the connection between

virtue and money already made in his cautionary letters to Pamela concerning her initial receipt of gifts from Mr. B. (I, 5-7; I, 16-17). Although Goodman Andrews's sudden complacency might result from the power structure of eighteenth-century Britain which places Mr. B. in authority, the illustration suggests that Goodman Andrews does not feel threatened by the squire, and the impecunious man's aggressive posture in the design tends to discount other reasons hinted at in the text for his complacency, such as the expectation of a letter from Pamela, or that he really believes Mr. B.'s story about his daughter going to live in the household of a bishop. Pamela's father, moreover, ignores his own advice to Pamela about the potential for moral corruption in gifts from a powerful person: "what signifies all the Riches in the World with a bad Conscience?" (I, 5). Whatever Goodman Andrews might have believed about Mr. B.'s intentions toward Pamela, after receiving the money, he asks no more questions, eats, and then leaves.

Hayman's next illustration (fig. 9) supports a reading of *Pamela* that suspects the heroine's motives. Here Mr. Longman shakes Goodman Andrews's hand next to the well in front of what used to be the Dickins farm. This property that Mr. B. has given to Goodman Andrews is no ordinary farm, Hayman shows: the large house has an elaborate facade and its front yard is paved. Goodman Andrews glowingly reports that the place is paradisaal, with "Barns well-stored, Poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crouding ..., and all fruitful" (III, 9). Most importantly, all of these new "Blessings upon Blessings (III, 9) in *Pamela II* are, as Goodman Andrews exclaims, "the Reward of our Child's Virtue!" (III, 9). However, in the background of the design, behind the men shaking hands, Hayman places a large haystack with a ladder going up the side, symbols which appear to suggest social climbing through sexual manipulation.

Hayman was not alone in producing illustrations for Richardson that reveal *Pamela* as a highly conflicted text, for Hubert Gravelot adds to the interpretive



Figure 9. From III, 11 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

complexity of the novel in his own designs. For example, in the ninth illustration (fig. 10), he depicts the scene in which Pamela's father arrives at the Lincolnshire

estate to reclaim her. In the text, Goodman Andrews has been hiding behind a door while Pamela speaks with Sir Simon, Lady Jones, and Miss Darnford. Pamela writes, "I knew the Voice, and lifting up my Eyes, and seeing my Father, gave a Spring, and overturn'd the Table, without Regard to the Company, and threw myself at his Feet: O my Father! my Father! said I; can it be! Is it you? Yes, it is! It is!--O bless your happy--Daughter! I would have said, and down I sunk" (II, 89-90). Gravelot shows the overturned table, but Pamela is not on her knees. She has her arms spread as if she were going to embrace her father, and Goodman Andrews reaches with his left hand to embrace her. There is a gulf between the two figures, with Mr. B. centered in the background. The stiffness of the greeting in the illustration seems to undercut the sentiment of Pamela's description, offering not only a corrective, but a possible glimpse beneath the surface of virtuous sincerity propounded by both the heroine and by Goodman Andrews. In the illustration, father and daughter do not retire and kneel together, "blessing God, and one another, for several ecstatic Minutes" (II, 90). In the context of Hayman's designs referring to Pamela's possible insincerity, Gravelot appears to deflate the encounter, suggesting only that father and daughter are about to shake hands.

After the histrionics have "spoiled" all the "diversion" (II, 90) of Mr. B.'s guests, Goodman Andrews once again links material advantage with Pamela's marriage: "But do you say, he will marry you? Can such a brave Gentleman make a Lady of the Child of such a poor Man as I? O the Divine goodness!" (II, 91). Surely Pamela's father has figured out by now that Mr. B. lied to him about sending Pamela to live with a bishop in London, yet the social elevation of the heroine, together with the squire's gift of a few old suits (I, 120-21), is enough for Goodman Andrews to exclaim yet again, "O my Child! it is all owing to the Divine Goodness and your



Figure 10. From II, 89 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

Virtue" (II, 122). Importantly, the unusual knocked over table in this design recalls the overturned tables in Hogarth's "Before and After" plates, and in plates 2 and 5 of "A Harlot's Progress," works that specifically moralize sexual incontinence and manipulation.⁹ Goodman Andrews does not stay for Pamela's wedding, a curious decision for a man who purports to care so deeply for his daughter and her virtue.

Above the door on the left in this illustration hangs a vignette portrait of a male figure, a convention of Hayman's that appears to urge different perspectives on the scenes in which they are present, and in the tenth illustration (fig. 11), which shows Pamela's wedding, the maid Nan, with a "Curiosity [that] would not let her stay at the Door" (II, 175), peers into the chapel. Pamela, as in so many of these illustrations, stands stiffly, with her back ramrod straight, much like the pose of the woman in "Morning" from Hogarth's *Four Times of the Day*. Why should readers of Pamela, like Nan, pay special attention to this scene, watching it closely instead of guarding the door? Pamela's usual prolixity is curiously absent. Describing the ceremony, she remarks, "Then follow'd the sweet Words, *Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded Wife, &c.* and I began to take Heart a little, when my dearest Master answer'd audibly to this Question, *I will*. But I could only make a Court'sy, when they asked me; though I am sure, my *Heart* was readier than my *Speech*, and answered to every Article of *obey, serve, love, and honour*" (II, 174-75). At this most sentimental of moments in a sentimental book, Pamela, under the stress of the marriage ceremony, comments on the separation of her heart from her speech. The "&c." after "wedded wife" suggests a business-like rather than a sentimental attitude toward marriage, one Mr. B. later confirms when he remarks, "I know your grateful Heart, ... but remember, my Dear, what the Lawyers tell us, That Marriage is the highest Consideration which the Law knows" (II, 184). Pamela's stiff pose in the illustration, along with Nan's spying, draws attention to the heroine's artifice, confirming in an ironic way Marcia Allentuck's claim that "there lacks a



Figure 11. From II, 175 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

correspondence between the physiognomies and ongoing mental processes of the characters and their figural attitudes" (884). Gravelot's design in this respect is faithful to the text, even if its composition does suggest a reading that Richardson would have disavowed.

Gravelot also increases the novel's interpretive complexity in other scenes. On the day that Lady Davers had burst into the newlyweds' bedroom (fig. 12), Pamela writes about her new husband's continuing troubles with his sister, describing the scene with her accustomed melodramatic relish:

She [Lady Davers] interrupted him [Mr. B.] in a violent Burst of Passion: If I bear this, said she, I can bear any thing!--O the little Strumpet!--He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully, Begone, rageful Woman, begone this Moment from my Presence! Leave my House this Instant!--I renounce you, and all Relation to you ... She laid hold of the Curtains of the Window, and said, I will not go. You shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the Wretch's Hearing, and suffer *her* to triumph over me in your barbarous Treatment of me. (II, 304-05)

Pamela, overhearing the exchange, "ran out of the Closet, and threw [herself] at [her] dear Master's Feet, as he held her [Lady Davers's] Hand, in order to lead her out" (II, 305). Pamela, however, does not stay long. Just two paragraphs later, the heroine tells readers that Mr. B. "led me away to my Closet again, and there I sat and wept" (II, 305). The static poses and conventional grouping of the figures apply a strong filter to the emotional intensity of the text, reducing the scene to a slight misunderstanding.

At the same time, the engraver's design emphasizes the scene's psychosexual dynamics. The arm that Pamela stretches toward Lady Davers seems about to fondle Mr. B.'s crotch, hinting what has been presumably going on in the bedroom of the newlyweds. Lady Davers cringes at the window on the right, and Mr. B., rather than lead his sister out, seems to draw her arm toward Pamela's outstretched fingers. Mr. B. works to close the social gap between the two women, but Gravelot's design notes



Figure 12. From II, 305 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

that the site of union is the sexual primacy of the centrally placed Mr. B., which confirms the Oedipal cathexis that Terry Castle finds in her analysis of the post-marital second part of *Pamela*. This defusing of sentiment uncovers a more mercenary heroine very much aware that her sexual power has determined her new social position. In contrast, however, Pamela represents herself as wholly submissive, begging Lady Davers to let no "Act of Unkindness, for my sake, pass between so worthy and so near Relations. Dear, dear Madam, ... pardon and excuse the unhappy Cause of all this Evil; on my Knees I beg your Ladyship to receive me to your Grace and Favour, and you shall find me incapable of any Triumph but in your Ladyship's Goodness to me" (II, 305). Despite the heroine's seeming modesty, Gravelot's depiction of Pamela's hand reaching immodestly toward Mr. B.'s crotch suggests that despite the heroine's humility, not only has she already "triumphed," but she wants Lady Davers to see that she has. Pamela's new social position, readers of Gravelot's image might infer, is not due to her virtue, but due to her sexual manipulation of Mr. B.

The twenty-eighth illustration (fig. 13) confirms the additional interpretive complexity of *Pamela I* and *II* that the artists have brought into play. Gravelot shows a nurse bringing in little Billy to Pamela while she writes to Mr. B. about Locke's essay on education. Pamela writes to her husband,

Just now, dear Sir, your *Billy* is brought into my Presence, all smiling, crowing to come to me, and full of heart-cheering Promises; and the Subject I am upon goes to my Heart. Surely I can never beat your *Billy*!--Dear little Life of my Life! How can I think thou canst ever deserve it, or that I can ever inflict it?--No, my Baby, that shall be thy Papa's Task, if ever thou art so heinously naughty; and whatever *he* does, must be right. Pardon my foolish Fondness, dear Sir!--I will proceed. (IV, 372)

Ironically, Pamela has just finished explaining in her letter that "OBSTINACY, and telling a *Lye*, and committing a *wilful* Fault, and then persisting in it, are, I agree with this Gentleman [Locke], the only Causes for which the Child should be punish'd with



Figure 13. From IV, 372 of Richardson's 1742 octavo

Stripes" (IV, 371). One might accuse Pamela of having committed the very same set of acts, as Fielding's *Shamela* makes clear. Pamela has certainly been obstinate about obtaining a reward for her virtue. She has lied, willfully continuing the fault throughout the book: for example, in her posed suicide; in her strategy to escape Mrs. Jewkes while fishing; and in her disguise as Lady Jenny. Pamela also ignores the fact that the system of punishment she recommends reflects her own situation with respect to Mr. B.: "the Child ought not, as I imagine, to come into one's Presence without meeting with it [punishment for a fault]: For else, a Fondness, too natural to be resisted, will probably get the Upper-hand of one's Resentment; and how shall one be able to whip the dear Creature one had ceased to be angry with?" (IV, 372) Mr. B.'s reply to Sir Simon's letter describes just such a problem with regard to Pamela. After coming face to face with his new wife, Mr. B. writes that he "COULD hardly hold out. What infatuating Creatures are these Women, when they thus soothe and calm the Tumults of an angry Heart!" (III, 162). Pamela knows that her face and body, like that of the child she describes, will calm the angriest and most violent of men, forgetting Mr. B.'s abuse of her that she had described earlier in a letter to Polly Darnford (III, 194). Can Pamela be sincere in writing that whatever Mr. B. does, it "must be right"? *Anti-Pamela* readers of the heroine's forgiveness of Mr. B.'s bungled attempts to rape her, of his imprisonment of her, and of his insistent and detailed perusal of her private letters, suggest that she has not been traumatized, but has only played the ingenue.

In spite of the Pamela's clear indication she has already been writing in this scene, the sheet of paper which Gravelot places on the table in the design is blank, and there are no other pages which might suggest that she is only starting a fresh sheet.¹⁰ This blank sheet likens Pamela's thoughts to Locke's idea of the *tabula rasa* in that Richardson's novel raises complex questions about where meaning arises in an epistolary novel. As Hayman and Gravelot designs show, readers can never be sure

when Pamela accurately represents herself, a problem John Carroll notes in relation to the self-styled editor's own correspondence:

Richardson ignores the psychological barrier against complete exposure of the self ... and the desire of the letter-writer to present himself [or herself] in a favourable light ... In forming his theories about letter-writing Richardson does not take account of the suppressions and evasions that may affect the style of the least designing of correspondents. (40)

Although Carroll perhaps exaggerates the case here, what the author of *Pamela* sometimes forgets at this early point in his literary career is that "suppressions and evasions" are an inherent part of language. A first-person epistolary format only exacerbates the distance that Locke himself analyzed between words and the ideas they evoke, and Richardson's desire to control how audiences read *Pamela* ironically resulted in an even larger field of intertextual and intermedial possibilities for meaning. *Pamela* is already a conflicted text with competing interpretations, and Hayman and Gravelot's designs suggest more about the problems of the novel's reception than about the artists' aesthetic judgment.

The extra sheets that turn up for sale in 1772 with a new title page and without the illustrations suggest that Richardson's grand octavo edition of *Pamela I and II*, with its scenes drawn by well known artists, did not sell well. Hogarth had already taught British consumers in the 1730s to read prints rather than pass them off as mere ornament, and as book illustrators, Hayman and Gravelot appear to have read Richardson's text with a keen eye. Like other contemporary readers, the artists find and expose the interpretive fault lines in Richardson's first novel, and, rather than rein in alternate readings, the artists seem instead to highlight them. Thus Richardson's characterization of Hayman and Gravelot as the "Best Hands" contains an irony of which the author was perhaps unaware. The complex interpretive possibilities generated by the artist and the engraver may have undermined Richardson's moral project, which is perhaps far more complex than critics have otherwise granted.

Notes

¹ An early version of this chapter appeared in the November 1999 issue of *Eighteenth-Century Life*, under the title "Hayman and Gravelot's Anti-Pamela Designs for Richardson's Octavo Edition of *Pamela I and II*." It is used here with the permission of *Eighteenth-Century Life*.

² Scholars have traditionally attributed the poor sales of Richardson's octavo edition to its relatively high price. Duncan Eaves, who builds on information supplied by William Sale, seems to have originated the high price explanation with his assertion that "Few English readers in 1742 were willing, regardless of *Pamela*'s current popularity, to pay 1/4s for what they still must have considered transient literature" ("Graphic Illustration" 357). Following Eaves' analysis, Margaret Duggan speculates that "The financial failure of this [octavo] edition of *Pamela* ... was probably the reason Richardson commissioned no illustrations for his later novels" (1608). Although Richardson did not commission illustrations for his two later novels, the expensive-to-print musical score he had engraved for Elizabeth Carter's "Ode to Wisdom," included in the third edition of *Clarissa* as a fold-out, should caution critics against concluding too hastily that a profit motive overly influenced Richardson's decision. Richardson continued to prosper throughout the 1740s, and the price of the eight volume third edition of *Clarissa*, at 3s per volume, comes to 1/4s, the same price as the octavo edition of *Pamela I and II*.

William Sale's, *Samuel Richardson: A Bibliographical Record of His Literary Career with Historical Notes* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1936) and *Samuel Richardson: Master Printer* (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1950) provide some information on Richardson's costs of doing business. To break-even on a print run of 1,000 copies of the book, Richardson would only have to have sold about 725, and for a print run of 2,500 copies, about 1125. Sale, in *Samuel Richardson, Master Printer*, pulls together from letters and printing bills the prices Richardson must have charged, which would not have been much different than Rivington's or Osborn's. Richardson charged others about a guinea per sheet for composition, presswork, and reading, which included 7s profit. He told the House of Commons in submitting a bid for the *Journals* that good paper could be obtained for about 12s to 20s per ream, each of which contained only 432 usable sheets because of the two foul quires. The total amount of paper for this octavo edition, with 16 pages per sheet (8 on each side) would have been about 115 sheets total for each four volume set. If Richardson paid 20s per ream for fine paper, the total cost for paper per copy would be less than 6s. For a print run of 1,000 copies, he would have paid £300 for paper, and £121 for labor, for a total of £421. For a print run of 2,500 copies, he would have paid £750 for paper, and £149 for labor (higher because of extra presswork), for a total of £899.

Ascertaining the total cost of producing the book has been problematic because no record exists of how much Richardson paid Hayman and Gravelot. At about the same time as the *Pamela* octavo, however, Hayman and Gravelot were working on 31 designs for Hanmer's quarto edition of Shakespeare's works. Brian Allen, in *Francis Hayman* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1987), cites a remark by George Vertue that the Hanmer illustrations cost £450, £300 for Gravelot and £150 for Hayman (153). The amount for Hayman is quite a bit more than the rate of 3 Guineas

per drawing called for in his contract with Hanmer, and may be exaggerated. Nonetheless, if Richardson paid a similar price to Hayman and Gravelot for the *Pamela* designs, then the total cost to produce 1,000 copies would have been about £871, and for 2,500 copies, about £1349. Thus at the price of 24s, Richardson would have needed to sell about 725 copies to break even on a 1,000 copy print run, or about 1125 copies for a 2,500 copy print run. Although figuring the break-even point for this edition involves a great deal of speculation and does not include the separate costs for presswork in printing the illustrations, given the popularity of *Pamela*, it is hard to understand why this edition would not have been profitable for Richardson. Even with modest sales, he would eventually have recovered his investment, and it remains puzzling why the extra sheets sold by William Otridge in 1772 do not contain the illustrations.

³ One of these illustrations, for example, shows a young man pointing out to a girl the words he has apparently carved in a tree, "*mon cher Julie*."

⁴ All quotes from Richardson's four volume octavo edition of *Pamela*, which he offered for sale to the public in May of 1742.

⁵ Louise Miller reaches the same conclusion in "The Spirit of the Passages' and the Illustrations to *Pamela*." Miller suggests, rightly, I think, that "Richardson's desire to control the context of his work reveals his anxiety and aggression about the alienability of his text as property and ideology, in the face of scepticism [sic], subversion, and mockery. He was alarmed, in short, by *Pamela's* openness to different evaluative observations, its indeterminacy" (122). However, I find it unlikely, as Miller asserts, that Richardson rejected Hogarth's designs "because of the engraver's incompetence" (123).

⁶ Although Janet Aikins identifies the figure as Lord Jackey, I think the character lacks the sophisticated awareness necessary to appreciate the theatrical quality of this scene. Furthermore, Gravelot, the engraver of all the designs for this project, makes the features of the smirking figure much sharper than the boyish and rounded countenance of Lord Jackey in the following design. Other than Mr. B. and Sir Jacob, who are easily identified, Lord Davers is the only other possibility, assuming Hayman represents someone in the text. I am indebted to Professor Aikins for pointing out to me that Lord Davers is a possibility for this figure.

⁷ Allen quotes Thomas Foxtton's "The Angler's Reflection," found in *Moral Songs Composed for the Use of Children* (London, 1728). Below are the two final verses:

Thus heedless Mortals are ensnar'd
By some deceitful Charm;
And Wine and Beauty are prepar'd
To make them drop their needful Guard,

And all their Passions warm.

**If then seduc'd they fondly stray
Thro' Pleasure's wanton Bowers
Their transient Mirth will soon decay,
And Guilt and Fear in pale array
Will wither all the flowers.**

⁸ This compositional arrangement of John and Elizabeth Andrews praying over little Billy's cradle is an obvious allusion to the birth of Christ in the manger. The illustration occurs in IV, 145.

⁹ Professor Janet Aikins of the University of New Hampshire brought to my attention the motif of the overturned table used by Hogarth.

¹⁰ Other letters in the series of illustrations show evidence of writing, most notably in the seventeenth illustration (III, 161). Thus it seems that Pamela's letter about Locke in the twenty-eighth illustration is not blank due to a lack of ability on Gravelot's part.

CHAPTER 3

Hayman's Visual Commentary in Moore and Brooke's *Fables for the Female Sex*

Edward Moore and Henry Brooke's *Fables for the Female Sex*, with its illustrations by Francis Hayman, first appeared in print in May of 1744.¹ The text of the fables must have been circulating the previous year, however, for as John Homer Caskey records, the *Gentleman's Magazine* prints Thomas Cooke's opinion in June of 1743:

I read sixteen Fables in Manuscript wrote by *Mr. Edward Moore*. The ninth, *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*, is a very pretty Fable, and there are great elegancies in the introduction. The sixteenth and last Fable, called the *Female Seducers*, is a charming, elegant piece. These two fables are far superior to the rest and are exceptionally good. The diction is such as the province of poetry requires, and there are many delicacys in sentiment and expression, and the imagery is strong and delightful. The other Fables have their merit, but have many imperfections which I doubt not but the author will remove before they are printed. The versification, thro' all, is sweet, with very few exceptions. His images are some of them, lovely and lovely clothed. (16)

The book must have been popular by eighteenth-century standards, for the ESTC lists 32 printings of the book before 1800 by various booksellers in Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and America. Unaccountably, no modern critical edition has been produced.²

Although the fables fall generally into the conventional categories of literature directed toward women, the very title suggests a play on meaning, for the word "fable" can refer either to a falsehood or to a useful lesson. These fables often embrace both senses of the word when they uncover stereotypes, contain helpful advice, comment harshly on contemporary marriage practices, or criticize the behavior of men. Even Hayman's frontispiece (fig. 1) promotes the ambiguity of the project, for while the satyr in the design recalls the didactic emphasis of the fable genre, he also might recommend a closer look at the purported moral lesson. While



Figure 1. Frontispiece

the woman in the center of the illustration appears reluctant to view herself in the mirror, seemingly evidenced by her reaching for the mask in the satyr's hand, she may just as easily be reaching for her own image, having become enraptured by her own reflection. Similarly, the satyr may be either interposing the mask between the woman and her image or taking it away from her.

The interpretive ambiguity Hayman generates in the frontispiece and in his other designs supports a complex reading of *Fables for the Female Sex* that reveals its participation in a critique of contemporary attitudes toward women. For example, Hayman and the authors in "The Female Seducers" make the point that experience can be an alternate guide to contemporary notions of unblemished virtue, even if the instruction of parents in this regard has been less than completely effective. This motif in literature of the fallen or nearly fallen woman occurs frequently eighteenth century, and stories similar to Brooke's fable appear in a range of other genres, from Hogarth's graphic *A Harlot's Progress* to Richardson's narrative in Letter LXII of his *Familiar Letters*, in which a young girl describes her narrow escape from the clutches of a London procuress. Moore himself, in *The World* No. 97, introduces a letter purportedly from the "daughter of very honest and reputable parents in the north of England" who, upon accompanying a neighboring family to London, is kidnapped and forced into a life of prostitution after attending a play (581-6).

At least some women agreed that these dangers existed, for Sarah Fielding perpetuates the stereotype of women's moral vulnerability in *The Governess: or, Little Female Academy*. After expressing her mission as "endeavour[ing] to cultivate an early Inclination to Benevolence, and a Love of Virtue, in the Minds of young Women" (iii), she allows the head girl of the academy, Jenny, to tell the story of Princess Hebe, which contains a moral lesson about how girls must obey their mothers or risk being debauched. Mrs. Teachum, the governess, further observes at the end of the tale that "You are therefore to observe, that if you would steadily

persevere in Virtue, you must have Resolution enough to stand the Sneers of those who would allure you to Vice; for it the constant Practice of the Vicious, to endeavour to allure others to follow their Example, by an affected Contempt and Ridicule of Virtue" (179). Women, Mrs. Teachum insists, must ever remain on guard against those who would encourage vice.

This kind of moral instruction in the obedience of daughters is, as the Patrick Delany asserts, chiefly the responsibility of mothers, who are, "in truth, by nature, much better fitted for it" (62). Delany insists further that even though "Man and woman were at first created perfectly equal" (65), women are morally inferior to men:

when the woman sinned, thro' a vain desire of knowledge, and possibly from a vain hope of being superior to her husband, in the only point that gave him pre-eminence over her, it pleased God to punish that vanity in a disappointment of the very end it aimed at, and to make that very desire of pre-eminence a reason of subjection; decreeing, that from thenceforward her desires should be referred to the will and pleasure of her husband, either to reject, or comply with them, as he thought fit. (66)

Although more explicit than others who make claims about women's moral status, Delany's assertion about the place of women is consistent with contemporary attitudes. Women need guidance to protect them from their sinful inclinations.

The severe and inappropriate characterization of women as morally frail, although seemingly pervasive, was not universal. Hayman and the authors appear to have recognized the type of contradiction underlying Sarah Fielding's book and the perverse reasoning perpetuated by sermons like Delany's, that mothers should be the moral guardians and educators of children even though these same women remain somehow morally incapacitated by Eve's role in Eden. These stories represent young women as easy prey for panderers, but "The Female Seducers" differs from these stories significantly in that the daughter the poet characterizes as prodigal is not forever ruined. This fable first invokes the stereotype of the fallen woman by claiming that a stain on a woman's honor is permanent:

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.

(9-14)

The horrifying image of a woman's "wounds" that "never close" contains uncomfortably violent psychosexual overtones, and as in similar stories, the woman can never recover from a loss of honor. The poet then confirms this initial attitude in the lines, "Pity may mourn, but not restore, / And woman falls, to rise no more" (75-6), agreeing with men like Erasmus Jones, who writes in *The man of manners: or the plebeian polish'd* that "A Woman of discarded Modesty, ought to be gaz'd upon as a Monster" (47). But as the plot of the fable develops, Hayman and the authors appear to fault the attitude that enforces such unforgiving precepts.

In the story, an ancient couple raise a girl they name Chastity. When Chastity reaches her fifteenth birthday, her parents lead her up a hill and show her two paths. The one on the right leads uphill to virtue and is difficult, and the one on the left leads downhill to dishonor. The choice of paths belongs to Chastity, but her parents warn her before taking their leave that if she walks along the wrong one,

For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

(200-204)

These lines reinforce the introductory message that once a woman slips off the path of virtue, her life is ruined. Chastity, however, obeys what the poet calls the "siren song" of Pleasure and Curiosity, and she strays off the high road to virtue. The two singing wantons lead Chastity further astray, and,

Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half-denying,
Repugnant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning Pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
(317-24)

Importantly, the poet describes Chastity's fall in a series of oxymora, suggesting that because she is indecisive, she is aware of the moral choice she makes. Even after she has fallen, the poet gives Chastity, like the biblical prodigal son, the power to redeem herself. After her experience, she decides to return to the land of virtue, and when she arrives, she sees,

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine.
(415-18)

Virtue hears Chastity mourning her choice of paths, and she sings to Chastity that she "hast wept thy stains away" (450). On the surface, this fable appears to offer a solution to Chastity's fall based on biblical teaching. But if the poet desired readers to see a specifically Christian interpretation here, that Virtue is a type of Christ who redeems Chastity after the girl has died, he might have been more explicit in his use of allegorical figures and symbols. After all, in other works contemporary writers use little subtly to make their point about fallen women. Other than the plot which loosely parallels the salvation story of Christianity, neither this fable nor any of the others contain direct evidence in support of a strictly religious interpretation. At the end of the fable, the penitent learns to judge between good and evil from experience, and in spite of the harsh judgments about women's honor in the opening statements, Virtue adopts her as a sister.



Figure 2. Illustration for "The Female Seducers"

Although he does not exclude the religious undercurrent present in this fable, Hayman reinforces the secular reading of this message in his design (fig. 2). By selecting the moment of Chastity's corruption by Pleasure and Curiosity, who are, as the poet writes, both women, the artist alludes to the judgment of Hercules (fig. 3). David Solkin calls this motif "eighteenth-century Britain's most celebrated moral emblem" (63) and it was, as Brian Allen records, the subject of a lost painting by Hayman (*Francis Hayman* 178). Importantly, in spite of the formal resemblance of the designs to one another, the two compositions differ along the lines of gender stereotypes. Hercules appears to be an independent and thoughtful decision maker, shown by his attitude and by the space between him and the other figures.

In contrast, the figures around Hayman's Chastity embrace her, and her expression does not suggest difficult decision making. Moreover, Hayman does not include the figure of Virtue from the Hercules design even though one expects to see her because of the visual allusion. Virtue does not guide Chastity until after she has fallen. In Hayman's design, all the arms and feet of the women point to the right, toward the low road along which Pleasure and Curiosity lead the young woman. From the written description, the reader knows that of the central group of figures, Pleasure walks on the right because it is she who "Her beauties half revealed to sight" (302). On the left strolls Curiosity, with "prying eyes" (291) and "hands of busy, bold emprise" (292). Chastity is clearly being seduced.

Hayman's Chastity differs from the seemingly thoughtful Hercules in that he appears to show the absence of any moral concern in the girl's look instead of the struggle implied by the oxymora of lines 317-24. But the ending of the tale demonstrates the moral learning women undergo on their own: except for Chastity's father, who bows out with her mother in the beginning of the fable, there are no men who might corrupt the heroine. Although it displays a young woman on the path to degradation, in the context of the poet's fable and the judgment of Hercules design,

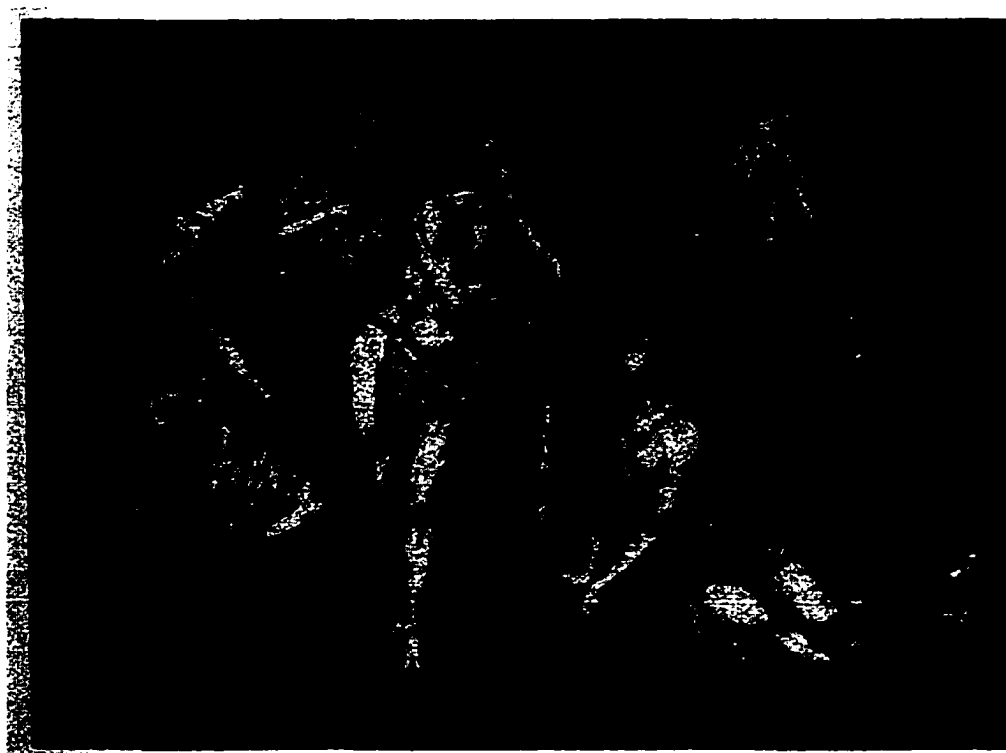


Figure 3. Simon Gribelin after Paolo de Mattheis, “The Judgment of Hercules”

this illustration shows a woman abandoned without the experience helpful to moral judgment. The poet seems to complete Hayman's allusion to the judgment of Hercules at the end of the fable with the song of Virtue, who calls out to Chastity to,

Let experience now decide
Twixt the good, and evil try'd,
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.
(451-54)

Chastity's new treasure is her experience, her ability to judge between the poet's high and low roads. Whereas Delany, Sarah Fielding, and other writers of tales about fallen women tend to treat chastity as an object that, once lost, can never be recovered, Hayman and the poet appear to take a more enlightened view. Hayman's choice of scene for illustration, while showing a woman subject to Pleasure and Curiosity, works with the fable through a subtle visual allusion. The artist and writer in this fable seem to assert a kind of female meliorism in which virtue is internalized, the product of a self-directed process.

The fables also provide lessons on pride and vanity, although sometimes in unconventional ways. When taken together, this set of fables forms a pattern of satire, obfuscation, and critique, witnessed in the didactic ambiguity generated by the first fable, "The Eagle, and the Assembly of Birds." The author first dedicates his work to the Princess of Wales, and then compares himself to her gardener:

The moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, *Fair Excellence*, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wandering nymph from wisdom's way.
(1-8)

But even while he claims to instruct, the poet juxtaposes the "truth" and "fiction" embodied in the word "fable." The two-part structure of this fable, with its

introductory moral followed by a tale, further confuses the issue. By placing "truth under fiction," the poet may be signaling that his introductory morals are "fiction" and that the following tales are "truth," but his use of incongruous analogies in some of the fables seems to thwart his own plan. In a further obfuscation, this first fable presents a series of birds referred to by masculine pronouns who demand redress for a slander that is actually true: the "pye" (magpie) has heard of his prolixity, the kite of his predation, the crow of his love for corn, and the owl that only his appearance makes him seem wise. The garden path cleared by the poet is not as well marked as he suggests. The readers of *Fables for the Female Sex* must do some of the weeding themselves.

The following tale, "The Panther, the Horse, and other Beasts," sustains this appeal to read more deeply into *Fables for the Female Sex*. While the story remarks on feminine vanity, it also comments on sycophantic men. Here a monkey, fox, goat, hog, and an ass fawn over a panther. Another animal, a horse, refuses to flatter the panther, and so he trots off. The moral of the tale is, the poet writes, that because "The man, who seeks to win the fair, / (So custom says) must truth forbear" (1-2), women must take care to avoid flattery and fops. The charms a woman should cultivate, the author explains, should be unaffected:

An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known,
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

(37-44)

The passive female panther in the fable, however, except for the brief characterization as "the vainest female of the court" (57), shows no signs of being vain, and the flattering animals dominate the action. At the end, the horse delivers a second moral:

"From the vile flatt'rer turn away, / For knaves make friendships to betray" (110-111). Even though the panther is the purported object of the moral, however, Hayman changes the emphasis. The artist's design departs from Moore's fable in that the panther does not "turn away" (fig. 4). The horse kicks the ass, stressing the action of driving the flattering animals away rather than the lesson for the panther. That is, the horse, rather than directing his remediation to the panther, directs it at the other animals, which by analogy are men and not the vain women purportedly addressed. The moral lesson of the allegory seems directed toward an audience of women, but Hayman appears to reflect it back on men. After all, the fable implies, a woman might not be vain if she had no "vile flatt'ers" to attend her.

The authors continue to question the stereotype of women's vanity in, "The Nightingale, and Glow-worm." Here the poet explains,

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lilly, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

(1-6)

Caskey, assuming that Edward Moore wrote this particular fable, asserts that the poet fails in this passage when he "tries to mix the conventional language of courtly compliment with the homely language of the fable" (26). Moore's biographer misses the almost savage quality of the last line, however; the foulest fruit also attracts flies, and the courtly language is itself a fair "screen" for the following lesson which gives a fresh perspective on feminine pride. The glow-worm favorably compares herself with the "low, mechanic crew" (14) of other insects, and in her pride finds,

Mean, vulgar heard! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only was I born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
Those lights, that sparkle so on high,



Figure 4. Illustration for "The Panther, the Horse, and other Beasts"

Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

(17-24)

This glow-worm is far more vocal in her self-praise than the panther. Caught up in her own adoration, she does not realize that a male nightingale is swooping down to eat her. Because of her visibility, she is easy prey, and the last line of the fable encapsulates the moral: "Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns, / And beauty wrecks whom she adorns" (35-6). The nightingale eats the glow-worm, just after he explains to her that if she had not been so visible, she might have escaped his notice.

Hayman captures the moment (fig. 5) as the bird swoops down on its prey, but the two animals are almost lost in the rustic landscape. In this context, the glow-worm's vanity seems ridiculous, and this perspective, while commenting on the danger in the tiny creature's self-importance, also comments on the delusional nature of pride, for the moon and its reflection glow far more prominently. In "The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat," the poet and Hayman make similar comment about vanity. The poetic speaker begins the introductory moral, ostensibly aimed at women, with an explanation to his female paramour that he will not flatter with hyperbole:

The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say, the di'mond dies,
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

(18-23)

When the speaker characterizes himself as a purveyor of truth, however, he only partially disguises the irony in the fable that it is almost entirely male-centered. In the tale, a farmer, "Replenish'd by his homely treat" (39) remains sitting at his board with his favorite spaniel asleep at his feet. This peaceful scene is disturbed, however, by a cat, who "humbly crav'd a servant's share" (47) of what food the farmer could spare. The spaniel now becomes a "snarling cur," awakens, and speaks with "spiteful envy:"



Figure 5. Illustration for "The Nightingale, and Glow-worm"

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game

.....
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.

(52-61)

The dog, in a situation parallel to the woman and her paramour in the introductory moral, concludes that the cat, by claiming food from the farmer's table, robs him. The humble cat replies that she contributes likewise to the good of man by driving rodents away from the house and stored food. The man "spurn'd the snarler from his side" (83), and so the spaniel's envy comes to naught. By analogy, the woman learns that the man has plenty of attention to go around.

Hayman depicts the moment in the fable when the farmer kicks the envious dog away while the cat watches from beneath the chair (fig. 6). The servant entering the room from the right, the cat under his chair, and the dog all emphasize that the seated man is the center of attention, bringing into play the alternate reading of the fable that comments on men's behavior. Indeed, from the very beginning of the moral, the woman shapes her behavior in reaction to the man's attentions. Her forehead only "lours" (7) when the man "another's face commend[s]" (5). The woman's opinion of herself seems to rely on where the male directs his gaze (or, as Hayman implies, his foot), suggesting that under the surface, the moral concerns the appropriateness of women relying on men for judgments about their beauty. This competition for the attention of the male speaker might explain why the poet compares women with useful pets.



Figure 6. Illustration for “The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat”

Even when it is not clear what the poets intend, Hayman questions female attitudes and stereotypes through his designs. In "Love, and Vanity," for example, the poet depicts a debate between Cupid and Vanity to decide which of the two has more sway over the character of women. Cupid claims that because he inspires love, he also brings, "Far-sighted faith" (61),

And truth, above an army strong,
And chastity, of icy mold,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowliness, to whose mild brow,
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright?
(62-70)

These qualities resemble those promoted by Sarah Fielding in *The Female Academy*. But Vanity ironically contends that women who uphold these principles exist only in "A kind of antient things, call'd fables!" (313). She claims, moreover, that she rules women, and that they are,

all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crouds what passion!
And churches sometimes--if the fashion;
For women's sense of right, and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng.
(185-90)

Vanity and Cupid cannot resolve which of them governs the character of women. After a lengthy abuse of the female sex that Cupid calls "tedious" and "toilsome" (284-5), the two agree to allow Prudence, who wanders by, to judge which of them is correct. Prudence, however, claims that even though "In times of golden date" (337) she shared an influence over women, now she "has bid the sex farewell" (342). Cupid and Vanity then see a young country girl walk by, and each resolves to conclude the argument by having her judge. Cupid hits the girl with his dart. Vanity

Hayman builds on and then questions the stereotypes brought into play by the poet. In the artist's design, Prudence stands on the far left with what appears to be a snake wrapped around her arm (fig. 7). A tree separates her from the rest of the group, hardly visible like the temple of Virtue in "The Female Seducers." The snake appears to be dead in the woman's arms, and perhaps this group of images signals a temptation successfully conquered. Clearly Prudence *is* prudent, for Cupid and Vanity, while pretending to ask for a judge, seem to be actually trying to find a woman who will submit to their judgment about her character. What the poet calls "truth under fiction" here is that Cupid and Vanity manipulate this country girl, perhaps because of the absence of prudence. Moreover, Hayman depicts the moment when Vanity has won the argument, just as the girl falls in love with herself. This scene brings the mirror from the frontispiece back into play with a slight difference. The mirror in this design does not accurately show the girl. The country girl smiles slightly with her eyes open, while the girl portrayed in the mirror has her lips together with her eyes closed. At the same time, the girl appears to be pulling Cupid's arrow out of her chest, and perhaps this pain accounts for the face in the mirror.

Fables for the Female Sex does more than question conventional wisdom about women, however. It also comments on the institution of marriage, and the fourth and sixth fables, "Hymen, and Death" and "The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb," are particularly critical of women's lack of choice in choosing a husband. On the same topic, George Savile, the first Marquis of Halifax, had written late in the seventeenth century in *Advice to a Daughter* that "It is one of the *Disadvantages* belonging to your *Sex*, that young Women are seldom permitted to make their own *Choice*; their Friends Care and Experience are thought Safer Guides to them, than their own *Fancies*" (25). Indeed, the Marquis, although seemingly sympathetic to the plight of young women like his daughter, instead explains,

Modesty often forbideth them to refuse when their Parents recommend,



Figure 7. Illustration for "Love, and Vanity"

though their *inward Consent* may not entirely go along with it. In this case there remaineth nothing for them to do, but to endeavour to make that easie which falleth to their *Lot*, and by a wise use of every thing they may dislike in a *Husband*, turn that by degrees to be very supportable, which if neglected, might in time beget an *Aversion*. (25-6)

The sixth fable critiques this principle, describing the same situation that troubled Richardson's *Clarissa*: whether to obey a parent by marrying an odious man. The poet's tale in this case encourages a woman to exercise her option to decline a marriage arrangement made by her parents, and then curses the unwanted suitor:

Duty demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shewn;
To chuse, belongs to her alone.
May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish, and despair.
(1-12)

In the fable, the unwanted suitor is a wolf, to whom "Her Fav'rite whelp each mother brought" (22) in hopes of an alliance. The wolf notices the lamb, and expresses his desire to her mother for a marriage. The sheep and the wolf negotiate, and when they agree, the marriage takes place, the ceremony performed by a "formal ass" (68). Unfortunately, the wolf is a rake, and Moore relates in graphic detail how "Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd, / And at the glutton's table carv'd" (75-6). The wolf, true to its nature, eventually kills the lamb.

Hayman's design, like the moral, is not subtle (fig. 8). The wolf leans out toward the sheep and the lamb from the left of the design, and seems to be threatening the other animals. In the context of the fable, this attitude is appropriate because wolves prey upon sheep and lambs. The wolf stands on a rocky ledge, ground separated from the sheep and the lamb, which implies that the animals should remain



Figure 8. Illustration for “The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb”

apart. The lamb and the sheep, however, are in a forest rather than a meadow, which is more commonly the wolf's domain. Despite the wolf's bared teeth, the mother sheep and the daughter lamb do not seem frightened, suggesting a serious deficiency in parental instruction. Hayman's design supports the fable's moral that the greed of a parent can overcome even common sense fear. If one had not read the fable, it would be difficult to imagine that the sheep intended a marriage between its lamb and what appears to be a hungry wolf.

The prefatory moral for "Hymen and Death" also presages Samuel Richardson's critique of women's choices in *Clarissa*:

Sixteen, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time,
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay--The settlement! "That's made."
But why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

(1-6)

The poet validates the fear that a young woman might feel in anticipation of an arranged marriage. He also asks that she hesitate before making the commitment, moreover, in order to examine her own motives. In the fable, Hymen, the god of marriage, spies Death as he walks through a field. Hymen runs to catch up with him, angry because Death has undone so many of the marriage knots that he has tied. Hymen asks,

Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle, and the kind
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

(25-30)

Death tells Hymen that because men and women rarely marry for love, that Cupid "hardly once in twenty years / A couple to your temple bears" (37-8); in their misery they seek him out as the only remedy for the knot tied by the marriage god. Silenus

and Plutus (lust and greed), Death argues, send the most couples to Hymen's temple. Death comments ironically on the fable's introductory moral in the final lines, "For mortals boldly dare the noose, / Secure that Death will set them loose" (51-2). The poet recommends that a young woman carefully examine her motives in marrying, especially if she lacks what Halifax calls "inward consent."

Hayman's design elaborates on the fable's conclusion (fig. 9). He shows Hyman and Death engaged in their dialogue, and the latter's lecturing tone is apparent by his pointing forefinger. The attitude of the figures suggests that Death has the upper hand in the conversation. Hayman additionally distinguishes the two figures, however, in part by the background he gives them. Death, as the personification of a naturally occurring force, has trees and shrubs immediately behind him. Hymen, on the other hand, because he represents a socially constructed set of ideas, has an elaborate building or monument behind him, perhaps part of his temple. Thus Hayman refines the poet's moral somewhat by reminding readers that not only does death have the upper hand, but that marriage itself is not an inevitable condition of womanhood.

Although the fables might raise questions about patriarchal constructions of marriage in the eighteenth century, they also criticize women when they see what they believe to be inappropriate behavior. For example, in his eleventh fable, "The Young Lion, and the Ape," the poet explains that while coquetry might initially attract a man, "Sense, and good-humour ever prove / The surest cords to fasten love" (13-14). The poet decries women who flirt in order to make another man jealous, explaining in the introductory moral that,

You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape,
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast.
(16-20)



Figure 9. Illustration for "Hymen, and Death"

The author writes that women should abandon whatever flirtatious tricks they used to attract their man once they have conquered him because in an eighteenth-century marriage, men rule in many cases:

To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.

(21-4)

The woman who rules a man's heart will soon become the ruled, and a flirtatious woman risks retaliation after her marriage. The fable's plot, however, centers on a male political ruler and his male heir, both lions. A "dapper monkey," also male, suggests that the young lion will be a better ruler if he is abused before he assumes power:

Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right, from wrong discern,
And mercy, from oppression learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ill himself has felt.

(53-60)

Like the women in the introductory moral, the monkey desires to rule while it can in order to teach the young lion to be a better ruler. The young lion, however, accuses the monkey of learning this rule from women (70), for the heir vows that under this method, when he assumes the throne, a new ruler "pays with int'rest, scorn for scorn" (82). The poet constructs an analogy: as heir apparent is to future subject, so engaged man is to his fiancé.

Because of the analogy established by the poet, Hayman's design might show a woman advancing on her future husband (fig. 10). But the artist's design also de-emphasizes the introductory moral critical of women by showing the monkey cringing with its tale between its legs while the younger lion advances, a choice of



Figure 10. Illustration for "The Young Lion, and the Ape"

composition that defuses the gender conflict by depicting animals rather than humans. The choice of scene is also significant because Hayman does not always depict an event from the fable itself; other designs show the moral introduction rather than the fable. In other fables, however, Hayman reveals a more traditional view of women. For example, "The Owl and the Nightingale," makes a clear distinction between the provinces of the sexes, relegating the management of the household to women. In the moral, the poetic speaker immediately creates a connection between the lax domestic establishment and the behavior of "mamma":

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean, and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curt'sy, going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

(1-8)

The mistress of the household the poet describes ignores her duties to pursue drinking and reading, resulting in the untidy maids and the "miss" who does not "curt'sy." The poet makes the connection between female reading and the neglect of household duties again a few lines later:

Her ragged offspring all around
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of foul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace
Fill up the intermediate space.

(19-26)

Because the woman "reads" in line 8 to the detriment of her household, the "nameless authors never read" in line 24 most likely refer to the obscurity of the books and not to the woman's ignorance of them; the poet would hardly contradict himself within so

few lines by suddenly claiming that the woman who "reads" has a floor covered with books she has "never read." Nevertheless, when she is abroad, the poet insists, this woman's "tongue / Is never still, and always wrong" (27-8). Although it is not clear whether the poetic speaker criticizes the ability of women to gain knowledge through reading or women who pretend to great learning, the author's judgment seems harsh, even by eighteenth-century standards. His point that women's work is properly domestic seems clear, however, for in the following tale, the pedantic owl, like the one in "The Eagle, and the Assembly of Birds" who only appears wise, represents the woman who has neglected her duties, while the nightingale represents the behavior the author wants to promote. The owl hears the nightingale singing one day, and becomes indignant with its activity:

True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go, read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And if thou must needs sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men.

(67-76)

The poet, who has played the misogynist in the moral introduction to the fable, continues his theme with the foolish owl, who recommends to the nightingale that she improve herself intellectually. The nightingale, however, is the purveyor of the story's moral, and replies to the owl that she, "following nature, and her laws" (91) will "mind the duties of [her] nest" and protect her young (86-7). The lesson for women appears to be that learning lies beyond them, and that reading causes women to become neglectful of household duties.

Hayman's illustration offers subtle support to the lesson of the fable (fig. 11). The nightingale sits on a cut stump, suggesting domesticity in opposition to the owl's



Figure 11. Illustration for "The Owl, and the Nightingale"

high perch. Likewise, the cottage behind the nightingale suggests her attention to household duties, and the bird lectures to the owl about domestic responsibility in the final lines:

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men, and birds I claim applause,
While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

(91-94)

While the elevated position of the owl in the design might suggest dominance, in this case, the context of the fable supports its characterization as foolish. It is possible to read the bird's higher position as ironic, undermining what it says in a way consistent with its puffed up pedantry. Through the position of the owl on an uncut branch in opposition to the domestically inclined nightingale, Hayman appears to use irony to conclude along with the poet that the owl in its undisciplined natural setting is unnatural.

Hayman likewise supports the poet's attitude toward marriage in his design for "The Sparrow, and the Dove" a fable quoted at length by Sarah Fielding in *The Governess*. Here a sparrow, playing the part of a rake, has seduced another bird into an assignation in the barn of a parson. A dove and her family, perhaps a symbol of moral conscience, may have spied the couple, and so the sparrow leaves off his love making. The dove and the sparrow then engage in a debate about the relative merits of each's lifestyle, but the poet gives many more lines to the former bird, who delivers a long encomium on marriage. The dove's husband then returns with food for his little bird family:

As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat;
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

(347-53)

The poet's moral lesson is clear: marriage is the happiest state for women. Even though in Hayman's illustration (fig. 12) the birds take up only a small part of the landscape, the artist alludes to the parson's barn through the church steeple in the background, and the posture of the landing bird might recall the Christian Holy Spirit.

As noted earlier, two of Hayman's designs entirely break with traditional fable illustration by focusing on the introductory morals rather than the tales. These designs clearly imply that the moral message of each fable should apply to men. For example, the illustration for "The Poet, and his Patron," explores the theme suggested by the title, and not the tale ostensibly aimed at women. The fable begins with a humorous aubade:

Why, Coelia [sic], is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injured by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

(1-14)

In the introductory moral, the poet describes a woman who, after marriage, has not taken care to preserve those charms which first attracted her husband. He writes that "From hence proceed aversion, strife, / And all that sours wedded life" (23-4). Because, the poet continues, after a conquest other amours easily distract men, a young wife should work to improve the charms that first attracted her husband, with an emphasis on personal neatness.

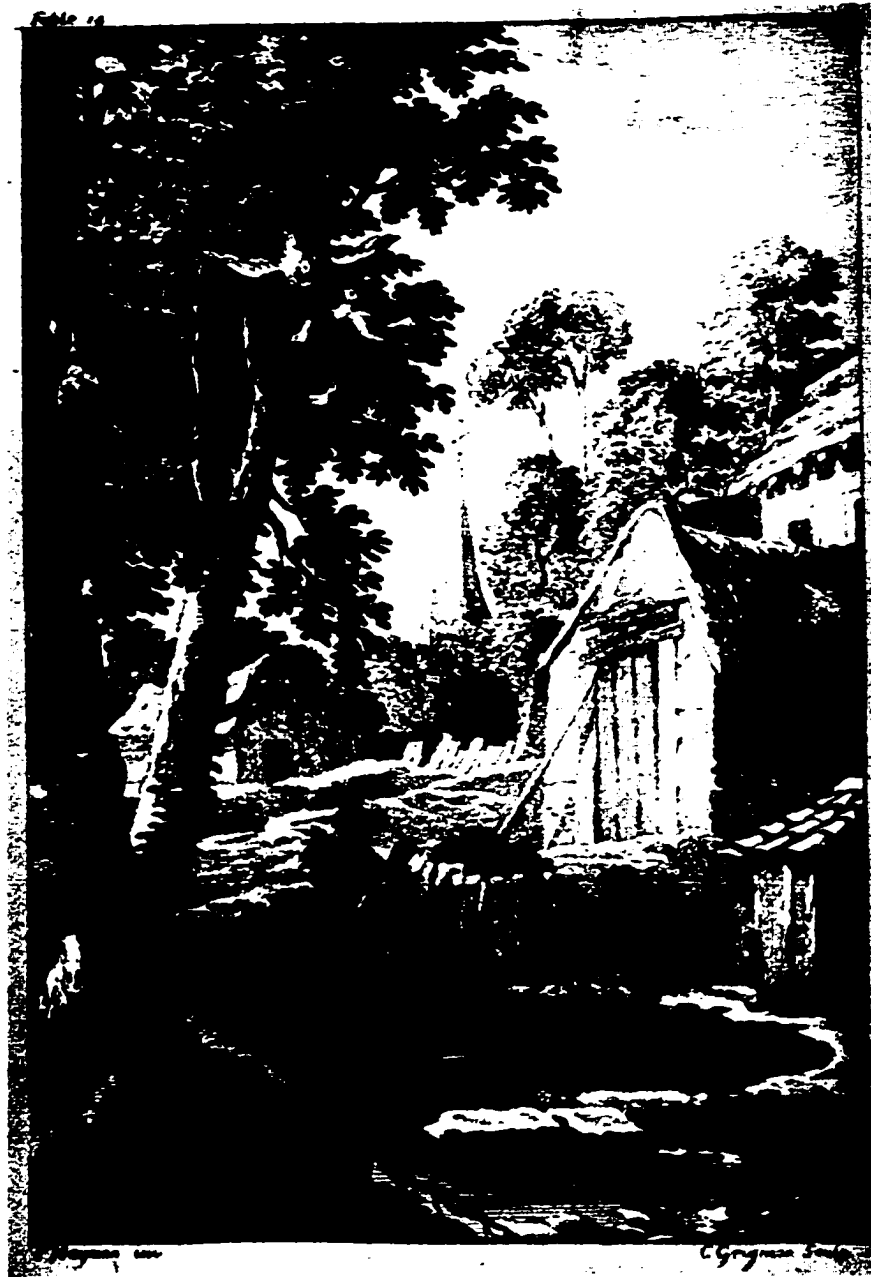


Figure 12. Illustration for "The Sparrow, and the Dove"

After this introductory moral, however, the author switches to a discussion of poets and patrons. He draws a parallel between being a wife and being patronized, and the intention seems to be that the lesson for the poet is the same as the lesson for the young bride. The tale opens with a poet (perhaps like Moore or Brooke), who, although he lives in a garret, has had some success: "Thro' all the town his praises rung" (47) and his sonnets are "at the playhouse sung" (48). A patron rescues him from his "cobweb dome," however, and gives him free room and board. The poet, now that he is comfortable, stops working, and,

Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
(67-70)

The patron soon withdraws his support, and the fable's lesson beomes clear: "Unthinking fools alone despise / The arts, that taught them first to rise" (81-2). The poet who stops working when he becomes successful, the fable suggests, is like the young wife who stops taking care of herself when her fortune is made by marriage. Like the author of "The Owl, and the Nightingale," the author of this fable links intellectual pursuit with laxity in domestic concerns.

Of the two possibilities for illustrating this fable, Hayman shows the poet in his garret (fig. 13). The composition alludes to Hogarth's "The Distrest Poet," but instead of a land lady demanding money and a wife in the center, here a gentleman pays off the poet's rent as the goddess Want referred to in line 50 of the fable hovers overhead. The poet's paper is blank despite the look of deep concentration on his face, and, like the woman in the beginning of the fable, he is unkempt: his stockings sag and he wears a morning robe, suggestive of his poetical devotion. In this fable, however, Hayman seems to point out the double standard of this connection, because the patron in this design pays the poet's landlady. Hayman intimates that he sees a



Figure 13. Illustration for "The Poet, and his Patron"

disconnection between the elements of the analogy initially made: a married woman who does not take care of herself is not like a poet who leaves off work after gaining a patron. If the gender of the poet in the design were reversed, then he would receive no reward for his intellectual endeavors. The artist defuses Moore's moral, which has ostensibly been for benefit of the female sex.

Hayman likewise reverses the moral lesson of the eighth fable, "The Lawyer, and Justice." Here the poet explores the relationship between legal guardianship and the trust a husband takes on in marriage, first explaining that men have a "breast with nobler passions warm'd" (22), and then that their strengths are "knowledge," "taste," "sense," and "courage for the fair's defence" (24-5). These characteristics, however, demand a certain amount of responsibility. Men must not, the poet avers, take advantage of the position these qualities give them:

By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sovereign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness, he was meant to aid?
(30-33)

In the fable, an apparition of justice appears at midnight to a lawyer who has fallen asleep. The lawyer, however, does not recognize Justice, since he had not seen her "in the courts, / Or found her mention'd in reports" (59-60). Justice becomes angry, and proclaims that "My guardian thee did I elect, / My sacred temple to protect" (69-70). The lawyer, because of his venality, has entirely forgotten the purpose of the courts, and his defense is merely that all other professions are likewise corrupt. The exasperated Justice "bar[s] the sanction" of her name, and decides that "Within your courts it shall be read, / That Justice from the law is fled" (115-16). Justice rejects the guardianship of the lawyer.

As in "The Poet, and his patron," the relationship between the introductory moral explanation and the fable itself is strained. The poet seems to be attempting to

relate two completely different ideas, the idea of men's guardianship of women, and the idea of a lawyer's guardianship of justice. In light of the other fables, it seems unlikely that he advises members of the female sex to leave husbands who are poor guardians. The poet's logic seems to be that because Justice is a woman, she expects to be guarded, just as a woman expects to be protected by her husband. But as the fable makes clear, Justice is perfectly capable of speaking up for herself; she is not blind here, and Hayman's design makes her strength unequivocal. Even though in the fable Justice deserts the courts rather than correct the lawyer, in Hayman's illustration (fig. 14), she seems intent on disciplining the miscreant with the sharp sword she has raised above him. The lesson seems related to the one directed at the woman in "The young Lion, and the Ape" who attempts to rule her lover with coquetry. Like that other fable, this one speaks up against the abuse of power between the sexes generally. But here poet and artist more explicitly promote a rapprochement between the sexes:

The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills and heighten joy.
(5-8)

This view is not one of equality for women, however, only one of gender complementarity. The lawyer in Hayman's design cringes and shrinks into his chair, and Justice appears about to beat the man, perhaps as a punishment for an abuse of power. Moore's fable implies that if justice were done, women might revoke the guardianship of men. Hayman, however, goes further, implying that women might justifiably fight back.



Figure 14. Illustration for "The Lawyer, and Justice"

The ambiguity of socially constructed gender roles uncovered in *Fables for the Female Sex* is the product of an on-going process of revision that, while hardly revolutionary in the mid eighteenth century, nonetheless reveals that a questioning of conventional attitudes toward women was under way. Although Brooke, Moore, and Hayman are all implicated in the critique of contemporary perspectives on women, the artist expresses the most liberal view of the three. He occasionally draws out of the fables progressive interpretations that the two playwrights may not have intended, and, like the satyr of his frontispiece, he recommends a closer look at the text of the fables. The resulting interpretive complexity suggests that the artist's work, and perhaps book illustration more generally, provides a mirror on the eighteenth century that critics have otherwise undervalued.

Notes

¹ In part because of its initially anonymous publication, one mystery surrounding this book involves determining precisely which man authored which fables. John Homer Caskey, Edward Moore's biographer, reprints a note written by Thomas Cooke, first published in the June 1743 issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which he states that he read "sixteen Fables in manuscript wrote by Mr. Edward Moore," which is the number that later appears in print. However, the writer of the book's first edition dedication notes that he "has been assisted in the following papers by the author of *Gustavus Vasa* [Henry Brooke]," which may or may not mean that some of the fables are written by Brooke. E. A. Baker's biography of Henry Brooke at the beginning of *The Fool of Quality* asserts that Moore's friend wrote some of the fables, but he does not specify which ones.

Nonetheless, the evident structural and stylistic differences between the first 13 fables and the final 3 strongly suggest that two different men wrote the text. For example, the first 13 fables begin with an introductory moral followed by a tale, while the last 3 fables are much longer and dispense with the moral introduction. The tone of the two sets of fables is also very different. Whereas the first 13 fables are light and satirical, the final 3 are much more serious in tone. Because the playfulness of the dedication is more consistent with the first 13 fables, it seems likely that Moore wrote them, while Henry Brooke may have written the final 3. Caskey appears to agree, for he analyzes "The Nightingale, and the Glow-worm" and other fables as though they were entirely the product of Moore's effort. Nevertheless, because no one has attempted to establish the authorship of these two sets of fables with either

conclusive documentation or stylistic evidence, when referring to a single fable, it seems more proper to rely on neutral terms like "author" or "poet."

² A transcript of the 1749 3rd edition, a copy of which can be found in the Hill Memorial Library at Louisiana State University, follows this dissertation as an appendix. The line numbers I refer to are from this appendix.

CHAPTER 4

Eve's Assertion of Independence in Hayman's Illustrations for *Paradise Lost*

Francis Hayman had evidently been working on his *Paradise Lost* designs for at least four years prior to their publication in Thomas Newton's edition of 1749, for in a letter to the artist dated 10 October 1745, David Garrick remarks, "Have You finished My Picture Yet? Dr Newton has been here & prais'd it extravagantly; Your Drawings for Milton will do you great Service, I have promis'd the Doctor to read y^c third book & give him my opinion for the Drawing, w^{ch} I'll send you" (54).¹ Unfortunately, whatever opinions Garrick and Newton may have exchanged over Hayman's designs have not been found. Newton nevertheless appears to have been satisfied with the artist's approach to Milton, because he later engaged Hayman to produce designs for his 1752 edition of the poet's other poems.

That Hayman had been working on his *Paradise Lost* designs long before their publication and that he solicited the opinion of Garrick suggests the artist carefully considered his interpretation. The artist, moreover, does not look to the earlier illustrators of *Paradise Lost* for significant inspiration.² In light of Hayman's illustrations that critique marriage practices in Moore and Brooke's *Fables for the Female Sex*, his depiction in *Paradise Lost* of Eve's gradual separation from Adam prior to the Fall takes on additional significance. Hayman shows the couple gradually move apart over a series of four designs leading up to the temptation (Books IV, V, VII, and VIII), a move that appears to react to Adam's possessiveness.

In his design for Book IV (fig. 1), Hayman captures the spirit of the earlier pastoral description of Eden, and depicts the extraordinarily ironic moment just after the couple take their repose:

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil



Figure 1. Hayman's illustration for Book IV of *Paradise Lost*

Of thir [sic] sweet gard'ning labor than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to thir supper fruits they fell.
(IV, 325-31)³

The idyllic language of this scene provides a contrasting backdrop to Satan's entrance into Eden, and links this harmonious meal with the later fateful dinner. Unknown to Adam and Eve, Satan sneaks up on them soon afterward, eavesdropping on their conversation. Hayman's placement of a small fig tree, its species made apparent by the distinctive shape of its leaves, appears in front of the fallen angel.⁴ This compositional feature might anticipate the artist's scene of judgment for Book X, in which these same leaves make handy clothes (fig. 2). Although Milton's Satan does not assume human form at this point (he inhabits various animals whose "shape serv'd best his end"), Hayman anthropomorphizes him, and depicts the archfiend leaning out from around the tree with a clenched fist poised just above the tip of his spear and with an expression of acute pain. Adam and Eve, however, reflect the togetherness and harmony of the prelapsarian garden: their bodies are close and crossed, mimicking the trees behind them. Only Satan breaks up the triangular concord of the scene.

Kenneth Knoespel revealingly refers to Milton's description of Paradise in Book IV as a "masquelike stage setting" (84). Although Hayman's neatly mannerist, portrait studio triangular arrangement of Adam and Eve beneath the tree reflects a highly constructed aesthetic, it also has profound implications for the relationship between the two because, even though Eve is slightly lower than Adam, the triangular pose with its vertex at both heads emphasizes spiritual over physical equality. That is, Eve's position suggests that her will is governed by higher faculties, in spite of Milton's later emphasis on her appetite. It recalls an earlier tradition of Bible illustration that "combat[s]," Diane McColley writes, "all inclination to blame Eve more than Adam for the Fall" ("The Iconography of Eden" 109). In a related essay,



Figure 2. Hayman's illustration for Book X of *Paradise Lost*

she further explains that "English Bible illustrations either place blame squarely on Adam--still androcentric, perhaps, but not antifeminine--or else represent an entirely mutual Fall. And they blame it on persuasion leading to free choice of deceptive ambition, not on passion or any weakness intrinsically linked with the feminine" (*Gust for Paradise* 56-7). Michael Wilding, furthermore, notes that "The vision of an inegalitarian, hierarchical and absolutist Paradise" is "imported from Hell" (182) and that "Since Adam and Eve may 'at last turn all to spirit' and since 'spirits when they please / Can either sex assume, or both', any assertion of gender hierarchy is ultimately unsustainable" (186). Hayman appears to support the characterization of Adam and Eve's early relationship as mutually supportive rather than hierarchical, for the pose of each of the figures complements the other.

But even while supporting the triangular harmony of the scene, the feet and legs of Adam point to the left, while Eve's point to the right. Moreover, the doves in the tree at the top of the design look in different directions. As traditional symbols of marriage, the birds sustain the reading of Adam and Eve's potential separation that Hayman encodes in the design. Nonetheless, more than at any other time in Hayman's depiction of Adam and Eve, in the frontispiece for Book IV, the artist shows the couple as nearly "One flesh." But he may have meant this closeness to be ironic or at least a foreshadowing of the Fall, for Eve's pose is ambiguous. Although she may be only expressing modesty by directing her gaze away from Adam, her initial characterization of the couple's relationship leaves little room for such self-awareness. Addressing Adam, Eve declares,

God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and thir [sic] change, all please alike.
(IV, 637-40)

Her description accords with Adam's own prelapsarian characterization of the couple's closeness. For example, Eve relates in Book IV that after her creation she heard Adam call to her, "Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame [sic] / My other half" (IV, 487-88). Moreover, Adam tells Raphael in Book VIII that he saw Eve for the first time as "Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself / Before me" (495-96), and a few lines later, he recalls Paul's letter to the Ephesians when he exclaims that a man shall "to' [sic] his wife adhere; / And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul" (498-99). On the morning of the Fall, Adam confusingly suggests to Eve, "Seek not temptation then, which to avoid / Were better, and most likely if from me / Thou sever not" (IX, 364-66). Just prior to his Fall in Book IX, Adam tells Eve that "Our State cannot be sever'd, we are one, / One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself" (IX, 958-59). In the context of these descriptions of the couple's prelapsarian relationship, Eve's gaze directed away from Adam may express an attitude distinct from his, particularly since Eve curiously reaffirms the prelapsarian view of their relationship when enticing Adam to eat the forbidden fruit: they are then, she says, "One heart, one soul in both" (IX, 967). The direction of Eve's gaze may foreshadow the separation of the couple before the Fall.

Hayman fills his design for Book IV with additional ambiguity regarding the status of Adam and Eve's relationship at this point in the narrative. The triangular arrangement of Adam and Eve's bodies, while it could suggest the spiritual union that gives stability to a Miltonic marriage, might also hint toward the physical distance of the couple that ushers in the Fall. The vine or ivy on the tree behind Adam, moreover, brings into play a pattern of imagery in *Paradise Lost* that in the prelapsarian Eden is particularly ambiguous. According to Todd Simmons, who traces Milton's use of this image pattern to classical authors, ivy wrapped around a tree symbolizes extramarital eroticism. If, on the other hand, Hayman depicts a vine wrapped around an elm, then the image suggests traditional conjugality. The trees

behind Adam and Eve might be elms, and the plant clinging to the side of the tree on Adam's left might be a vine, but there is no way to know with certainty because the artist has not made the features of either the tree or the ivy/vine distinct enough.⁵ Since Hayman does depict figs in some of his designs, the lack of definition in these plants may be intentional.

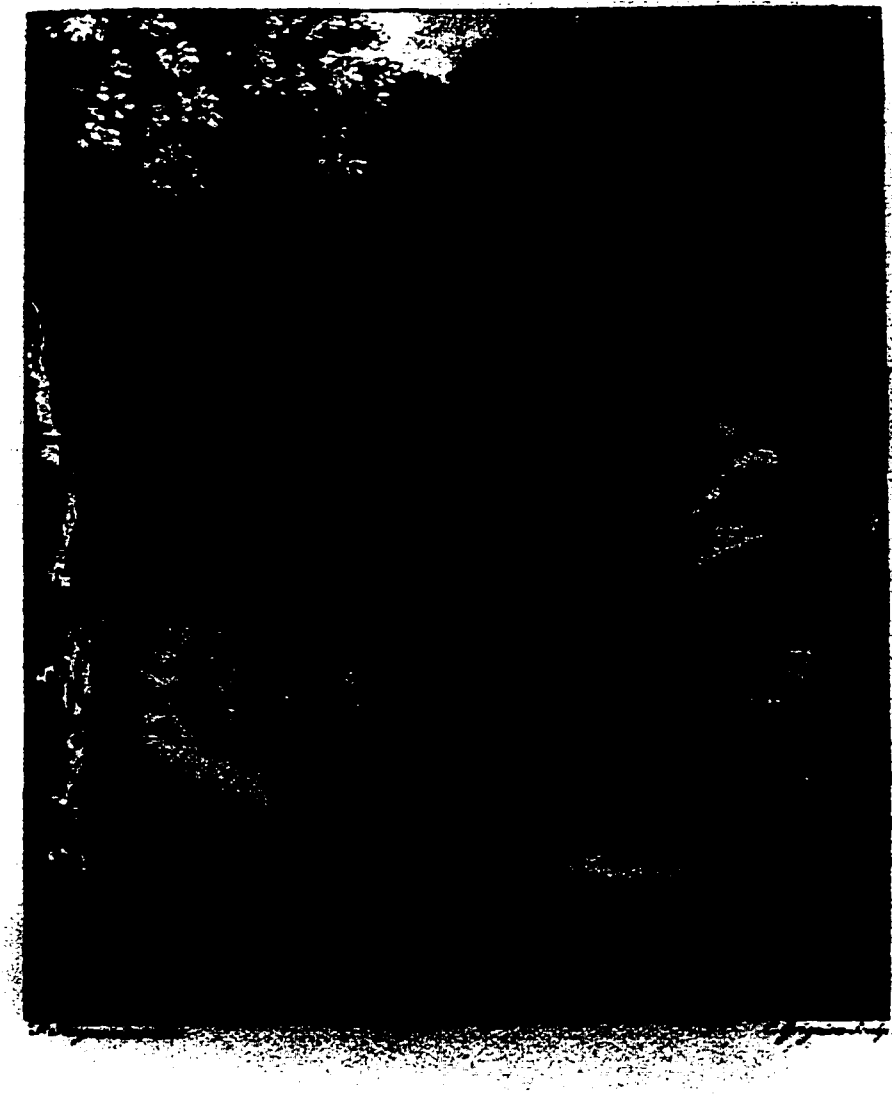
The animals present in the design further cloud the meaning. Hayman does not follow precisely Milton's description:

About them [Adam and Eve] frisking play'd
All Beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the kid; bears, tigers, ounces [lynxes], pards [leopards]
Gambol'd before them.

(IV, 340-45)

Hayman captures the prelapsarian spirit of Milton's passage if not all its animals, for, like the vine/elm or ivy/tree, the animals seem to embody opposite qualities.⁶ Diane McColley, for example, notes in "The Iconography of Eden" that in the Renaissance, a dog could represent "both envy and domestic fidelity" (116). The lion Hayman associates with Eve in his illustrations for Books IX and X, moreover, can represent "courage and magnanimity as well as wrath" (116). The young goat--though it often represents lust--when "poised on a cliff [in the upper right corner] in Durer's engraving ["The Fall"] represents Christ" (116-17). The lamb at the feet of Adam and Eve might suggest the Fall and Christ, whereas the lion accurately portrays aspects of God the Father and God the Son.⁷

The ambiguity in Hayman's designs continues in Book V (fig. 3). Whereas two birds sat in the tree in Hayman's illustrations for Book IV, now there is only one in the right-hand tree. Moreover, the artist frames what appears to be the bower of Adam and Eve with the ivy/tree or vine/elm image; importantly, the branches missing from the tree on the right suggest that it might be diseased or dying. As in the design



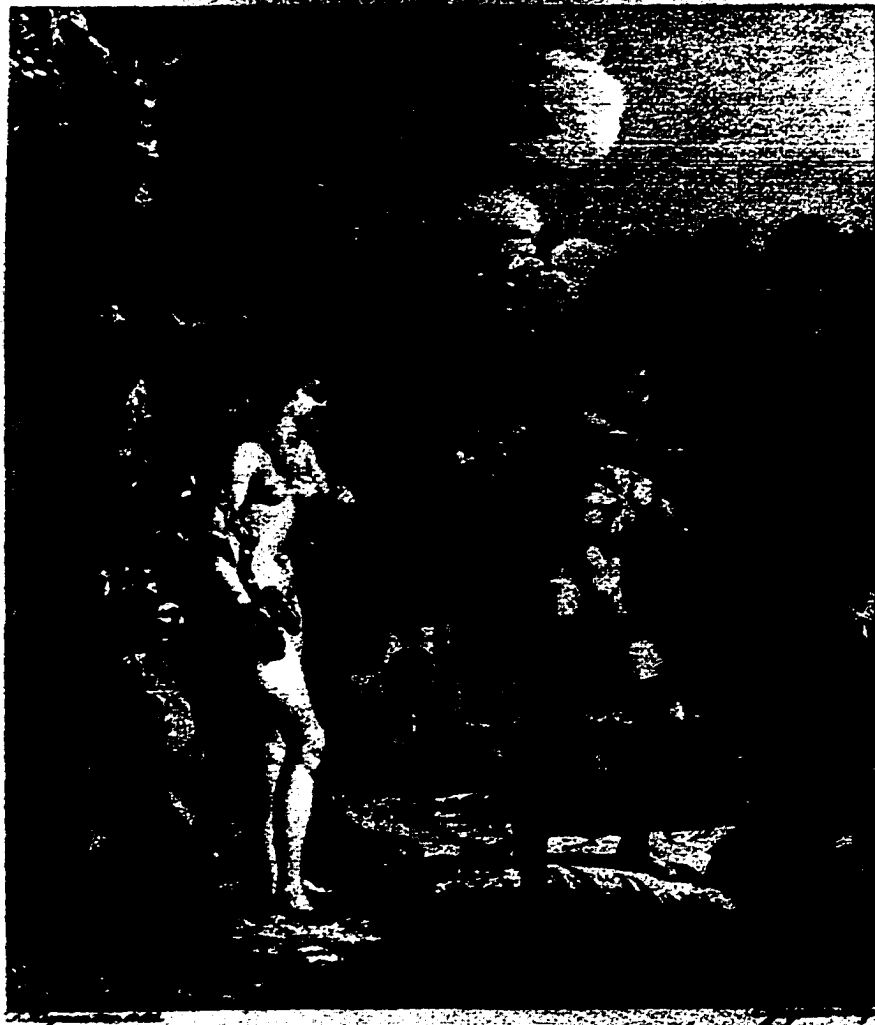
Pl. 5.

Figure 3. Hayman's illustration for Book V of *Paradise Lost*

for Book IV, the couple in Hayman's Book V illustration hold hands, but in both of these designs, Eve looks away from what appears to be an adoring Adam. While the gaze here might mean that Eve "fear'd to have offended" with her dream, it also might foreshadow visually, as in the design for Book IV, the later separation of the couple. Milton writes that when Eve awakes, she does not look down, but gazes with her "startl'd eye / On Adam" (26-7). Moreover, when she begins to relate her dream, Eve avers that she is "glad" to see Adam's "face" (29-30). Since at the beginning of Book V Milton does not describe any other ways that Adam and Eve look at each other, Hayman seems to build on the separation similarly hinted at in his illustration for Book IV. Furthermore, in light of the branch that Eve holds in Hayman's illustration for the temptation scene (fig. 4), it is curious that here she directs her gaze downward and toward a plant interposed between her right leg and Adam's left one, just past the fingertips of her open left hand. Even if this tiny tree serves only as a correlative to the one in the dream, it still serves as a reminder of the sin that will distance Eve from Adam. In what appears to be an additional reminder of the impending Fall, Hayman places another one of his frequent fig trees in the lower left-hand corner of the design, important because the artist clothes the couple with leaves from this plant in Book X (fig. 2).

Although the pose of Adam and Eve remains roughly triangular in Hayman's design for Book V, he does not emphasize harmony. Although still holding hands as in the earlier design, the couple are farther apart than in the artist's design for Book IV, perhaps because Eve expresses the confusion and fear of her dream to Adam: "I rose as at thy call, but found thee not" (V, 48). Neither Jean Baptist Medina nor Sir James Thornhill, earlier illustrators of *Paradise Lost*, had chosen to emphasize this episode, but Hayman's depiction of this scene highlights Adam's prelapsarian theological understanding:

Evil into the mind of God or Man



Book 9

Figure 4. Hayman's illustration for Book IX of *Paradise Lost*

May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

(V, 117-21)

Eve, of course, will consent to eat the forbidden fruit, as will Adam, raising the legitimate question of the dream's efficacy if it is a warning to avoid separation allowed by God the Father and not simply an aggressive intrusion by Satan. Especially for Eve, not attuned like her occasionally prescient husband to the nuances of Milton's postlapsarian *Areopagitica*, the dream seems like a wasted attempt unless it is viewed as a vehicle for her to achieve moral agency, the ability to at least say "no" to temptation on her own. Nonetheless, because Eve is still developmentally at the stage of "Uargued I obey" (IV, 636), it is quite proper to pause at this point and consider the question of whether the dream can rightfully be called a warning offered to Eve, to the exclusion of Adam. To be successfully warned implies some understanding of the link between action and consequence and the ability to say "yes" or "no" to temptation without outside guidance. But Eve still relies on Adam for moral leadership at this point, as evidenced in her speech with lines like "My Guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down" (V, 91). Moreover, she notes herself that the dream differs from those she has experienced before (V, 33). In Book IV, Ithuriel and Zephon, in fact, find Satan,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy' [sic], and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams.

(IV, 800-803)

Because Satan is the author of Eve's dream, it cannot properly be called her own. She merely heard it whispered in her ear as she slept. She was tricked: hearing a voice she thought was Adam's, she followed, and was led through a chaotic and disturbing

narrative. When she first heard the voice at her ear, after all, she believed it was the voice of Adam.

For whom, then, is the dream intended? Hayman appears to answer this question by asserting how Adam continues to view Eve as part of himself, which denies her independent moral agency. First, the artist seems to have recognized the skewed analogy that Milton sets up between Eve's dream and the Fall that underscores the reader's postlapsarian point of view and the linguistic ambiguity that situation entails for readers. The analogy is not a complete correspondence: the fundamental distinction between Eve's dream and her temptation, other than her state of wakefulness, lies in her relationship to Adam, and this difference marks a separation of moral agency not yet achieved. In the dream, Eve begins her walk in search of Adam (V, 49), whereas on the morning of the Fall, she purposely leaves him behind (IX, 378-84). Second, like Satan's voyeurism in Book IV, the dream expresses undefended aggression against Eve: during the dream, during the faux temptation, she did not perceive the threat. Third, the dream raises the same question of interpretive ambiguity as the first description of Adam and Eve, for Adam's gesture of taking Eve's hand in Hayman's design seems to reflect tenderness while asserting possession. Whereas in the design for Book IV, Eve's hand covers Adam's, in the design for Book V, Hayman reverses the hands, bringing to mind Eve's description from Book IV, just after her creation. After gazing at her image in the pool, she had heard Adam's voice, and she recalls to him that "thy gentle hand / Seis'd [sic] mine, I yielded, and from that time see / How beauty is excell'd by manly grace" (488-90). While Adam's gesture in the design for Book V may be one of comfort, it also might signal the attempted repossession of what Adam has repeatedly termed their "one flesh." Hayman appears to show Adam's possessiveness.

Adam's desire to incorporate Eve's experience into his own is especially disturbing as he begins what on the surface seems a speech of comfort. His hand over Eve's in Hayman's design mimics the words he uses that seem to assert possession:

Best image of myself and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,
Created pure.

(V, 95-100)

These words mark a growing sense of thwarted communication between the couple. When addressing Eve, Adam sounds a discordant note because he attempts to establish empathy with her by telling her again how she reflects him; then, he explains how her dream affects him. In the 33 lines of his comforting speech following Eve's dream (95-128), it takes Adam until line 122 to say "Be not disheart'n'd then," and the imperative character of the clause does not leave room for much of a reply. There is, in fact, no dialogue: Eve does not speak again in the scene after relating her dream. The epic narrator merely says, "she was chear'd" [sic] (V, 129).

Even after the dream, Eve likes to hear Adam talk, and Adam likes to hear Adam talk, an orientation productive of error because there is no voice giving feedback that would test accurate reception. The gesture of Adam's hand over Eve's might signal comfort or repossession; Hayman has built ambiguity into his design to show the divergent perspectives of Adam and Eve. The acquisition of moral agency appears very much a step outside of the garden of her husband's embrace, for it implies a dialogue with the devil for which neither Adam nor the dream have thoroughly prepared her. Additionally, the slight separation between the couple in this design would probably not have been a compositional accident for an artist with Hayman's keen critical eye and awareness of contemporary marriage issues. The

artist's subtle reading suggests that without a voice, Eve cannot fulfill the Miltonic definition of marriage that demands participation with free will rather than legalistic domination.⁸

The larger pattern of Milton's own reasoning sustains the artist's depiction of Adam's possessiveness at the beginning of Book V. When God the Father speaks to Raphael, he asks him to go down to Eden and warn Adam again, as though the warning of the dream Eve relates to him had not sunk in:

whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.
(V, 238-45)

Milton leaves no textual evidence that the dream serves as a warning specifically for Eve; after all, she tells it to Adam. If Satan whispers the dream into Eve's ear, it is because he has already singled her out for his aggression.⁹ This passage, furthermore, foregrounds Adam's easy dismissal of Eve's concern about the dream. It appears to support the growing divergence of perspective between the couple manifested by Adam's continuing onanistic insistence that the couple is "one flesh." Milton's God the Father might use male pronouns exclusively in his mission orders to Raphael not only out of convention. He may use them because Adam has not carefully thought through the implications of the dream Eve has related to him. Adam apparently needs a second warning, an interpretation supported in part by his resistance to Eve's individuation, a process Diane McColley refers to as a balance between personal and ecological relations.¹⁰

Although Raphael's warning seems not to include Eve (just as the dream might not seem to include Adam), the archangel singles her out for a greeting when he arrives, and in Book VII, Milton remarks that Adam "with his consorted Eve / The story heard attentive" (VII, 50-51). But Hayman decenters Eve in his designs for both Books VII and VIII (figs. 5 and 6), continuing the pattern he established in Books IV and V of increasing the distance between the couple. Moreover, these designs not only depict Eve's increasing isolation, they also reinforce its complement, the dominance of Adam's perspective, established rhetorically by the poet and emphasized by Hayman following the dream.

Raphael's lunch and visit in Eden was clearly important to Hayman: in a book with only twelve designs, he depicts the same meeting twice consecutively. Of all of the important and potentially sublime opportunities for illustration in these two books (the creation of the world, Adam's creation, Adam's version of Eve's creation, for example), Hayman chooses the most pedestrian, a scene of a narrator narrating rather than a scene from the narrative itself. Clearly, however, the designs feature Eve drifting away. It is the figure of Eve that disrupts the triangular harmony of the scene in the illustration for Book VII, and her position in the background seems to remove her from the conversation. As if to underscore Raphael's additional warning, moreover, Hayman again inserts his fig tree in the lower left hand corner of the design.

The central idea of these two books is not that Eve is incapable of understanding Raphael's warnings or the supposition that Milton might feel it unimportant to develop her as a character. Hayman, in the position of observer and interpreter, appears to resolve what Karen Edwards calls a "crisis of representation" (241) in Eve's seeming absence by stressing her assertion of independence from Adam, a necessary step both in terms of Milton's theology and his views of marriage. Eve has to step outside of Adam's dominant perspective in order to make both her



Figure 5. Hayman's illustration for Book VII of *Paradise Lost*



Figure 6. Hayman's illustration for Book VIII of *Paradise Lost*

relationship with her husband and the Fall meaningful. Hence in Book VII (fig. 5), Hayman shows Eve looking toward Adam, whereas in Book VIII (fig.6), he places her farther away, gazing at a rose bush that foreshadows the garland of flowers Adam weaves for her on the morning of the Fall. This desire to garden alone in Book VIII may presage the Fall, but Hayman also represents Eve's decreasing willingness to be led solely by her husband, a necessary contrast to Adam's continuing insistence that Eve is a part of him.

Even while Raphael warns that the couple must remain vigilant against temptation (VIII, 633-37), Adam and Eve unknowingly practice the separation from each other that occurs before the Fall, and which disarms Eve. Hayman's designs show an awareness of this kind of subtle foreshadowing in the text. For example, on the morning of the Fall, Eve suggests to Adam,

Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.
(IX, 214-19)

Milton specifically associates the separation of the couple with a classical symbol of infidelity, ivy wrapped around a tree. But the epic author also insists that this separation is necessary to the operation of free will: Adam tells Eve to "Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more" (IX, 372). In Hayman's designs, Adam and Eve never hold hands after Book V; for the artist, the process of the couple's separation begins well before Eve, "from her husband's hand her hand / Soft she withdrew" (IX, 385-86).

This spatial separation provides a visual correlation to the developing psychological situation in Milton's epic, one that is dramatically necessary to solve the problem of innocence expressed by Thomas Blackburn: how can Eve sin if she is

merely an extension of Adam? By distancing Eve from Adam, Hayman expresses Milton's own connection between Eve's desire to garden alone and her moral agency on the morning of the Fall. Although the critical conversation has moved far beyond the point of defining innocence in *Paradise Lost*, Thomas Blackburn articulates the problem of Eve's status with great clarity:

Either Milton has chosen a subject which requires him to present a static and ignorant bliss as the highest human happiness, or to avoid that aesthetic and psychological pitfall, has undercut the dramatic and doctrinal center of his poem by enduing Adam and Eve before the Fall with some of the failings of fallen mankind [sic]. Were their innocence truly "cloister'd" Adam and Eve would not only be sinless, but also incapable of sin--moral, as it were, by default ... Possessing no true freedom of the will they could not will their own corruption, nor could they be justly held responsible for so doing. The alternate assumption, that they were created impure from the beginning, is equally destructive to Milton's argument for the justice of God's ways to men [and women]. The punishment of Adam and Eve for a disobedience they could neither will nor avoid in either case would be a monstrous injustice, and the promise of redemption through Christ would become a cynical farce. The literary consequences would be no less drastic: a flawed innocence would destroy the premise of drama in the Fall, and an incorruptible innocence would preclude any credible plot. (119-20)

The issue applies equally to Adam and Eve as individuals. As he explains in *Areopagitica*, Milton "cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat" (II, 515). If Adam is not willing to grant Eve status as other than part of his "one flesh," then she needs to assert her independence in order to become a fully functioning moral agent. Eschewing "cloistered virtue," Eve sallies forth on the morning of the Fall knowing she may have to exercise moral agency; the journey involves separation from Adam, however, and up until the morning of the Fall (IX, 372), Adam seems unwilling to take the risk that this separation entails.

Hayman appears to perceive that Eve has grown beyond the simple precept of Book IV, in which she naively tells Adam that obeying her husband without argument

is "woman's happiest knowledge" (638). The increasing distance between Adam and Eve, together with the continued center stage conversation featuring Adam and Raphael, suggests one of the central ironies of the epic. Adam seems blissfully unaware that Eve drifts away as he and Raphael discuss her: she is the object of their conversation in Book VIII but not part of it. But Hayman implies through the placement of figures in the designs for Books VII and VIII that Adam's insistence on the couple's togetherness is hollow.

In Book VIII, Eve gardens alone because she would rather hear what Raphael has to say from Adam (52-57); in Book IX, Eve gardens alone because she fears the couple would engage in too much conversation and get less work done (220-25). In Book VIII, however, the epic narrator gives the explanation for Eve's desire, whereas in Book IX, the words come from Eve herself. It is impossible to say with authority which voice is more reliable, but both reasons reflect the emerging polarity of perspective. Adam and Eve talk at cross purposes just prior to the temptation scene. Eve gives as the explanation for her desire to work separately a sense of responsibility: their "casual discourse," she tells Adam, will interrupt their gardening, and they will accomplish little before the "hour of supper comes unearn'd" (224-25). Adam, however, does not think about the amount of work the couple will get done. Instead, he sees their physical separation increasing the danger of temptation:

but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault.

(IX, 247-56)

Eve's judgment to fulfill her duties better through occasional solitary gardening, in fact, is exactly what leads up to the Fall in Book IX, a state of affairs seemingly presaged in Hayman's other designs. That observation is not the same as saying, however, that Eve's solitary gardening *causes* the Fall; it merely creates the conditions necessary for her to be tempted, which in Milton's theology is a necessary condition of free will: one must choose to sin or not sin in order to be guilty or innocent. Eve, stressing the need to spend some time apart from Adam, persuades him that "while so near each other thus all day / Our task we choose, what wonder if so near / Looks intervene and smiles, or object new / Casual discourse draw on" (IX, 220-23). Eve already sees her relationship with Adam as mediated by "Looks," "smiles," and "object[s] new;" she no longer sees herself as part of his "one flesh," a condition Hayman has already emphasized by depicting her earlier rehearsal for leaving Adam to garden in Book VIII.

Hayman's design for Book IX (fig. 4) captures the moment of the couple's furthest psychological distance from each other, the time after Eve has eaten the forbidden fruit and before Adam has done so. The design shows Adam, who, when Eve offers him the fruit,

Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
 (IX, 890-93)

Adam feels, according to Milton, an inescapable "link of nature" (IX, 914) or "bond of nature" (IX, 956) that causes him within a few minutes to eat the fruit Eve offers "Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd, / But fondly overcome with female charm" (IX, 998-99). While some might blame his fall on uxoriousness, it completes the pattern already established of Adam's frequent failure to admit that Eve is not his

own possession. While on the surface it may seem ironic that Adam, seeking reconciliation with Eve, would eat the forbidden fruit and thus increase the distance between them, Milton himself might explain what has occurred in terms of the *felix culpa*. As mentioned earlier, after the couple's mutual recriminations, Eve takes full responsibility for the Fall, and,

[Adam] relented
Tow'ards [sic] her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
(X, 940-46)

Daniel Doerksen convincingly argues that this movement by Eve reflects divine reconciliation: while it is "True," he explains, that "Milton could find literary patterns to parallel Eve's reconciling initiative in the Old Testament characters Abraham, Moses, and Abigail, in Spenser's *Medina*, and even in the old Roman story of the Sabine Women ... the poet created a fully human Eve who was nevertheless heroic like Christ in taking a self-humbling, redemptive initiative that brought about reconciliation and peace, and helped pave the way for salvation" (128-29). Eve has indeed fallen, but she rises through her ability to exercise moral agency.

Hayman's illustration for Book IX stunningly highlights the separation between Adam and Eve. Adam turns dramatically away from Eve, caught in the very act of seeing her for the first time after she has eaten of the forbidden fruit. There is no serpent in the design on which to blame the Fall, only the lion that, as noted earlier, can represent either wrath or magnanimity and courage. Hayman also places a hart in the design that might refer to Psalm xlii; Diane McColley remarks that this animal figures prominently in Edenic imagery ("The Iconography of Eden" 112). Hayman also captures Adam dropping the garland he had woven for Eve (IX, 890-

94), and starting away from the fruit she holds out to him. That Hayman includes the garland stresses Adam's resistance to Eve's independence, for gardening and flower arranging are Eve's work (McColley, "Eve and the Arts of Eden" 104-105). Additionally, the garland might represent a renewed attempt to encircle or limit Eve; certainly this view accords with Milton's own view of monarchy. But like much in *Paradise Lost*, the garland is not so easily reducible to even a few meanings, for it is made of roses and, as the flowers are shed (IX, 893), what is left is essentially a crown of thorns. But Hayman's crown still has the flowers on it, and its placement in the design highlights once again the ambiguous status of Eve: has she fallen to rise at this point, or has she only fallen? Because the crown could represent Eve's dignity in asserting moral agency, her fallen state, or both, it embodies a mixed attitude toward female assertions of authority.

That Adam has not yet eaten the fruit here lends ambiguity to his pose: he looks toward Eve even as his body turns away. The artist seems to interpret Adam's horror as resulting from his sudden realization that he has lost what he considers to be part of himself; Adam's first words are, Milton writes, "to himself" as "he inward silence broke" (IX, 895):

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's Works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deflowr'd, and now to death devote?
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidd'n? some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I

Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, I feel
The link of nature draw me.

(IX, 896-914)

Adam asserts his loss, not Eve's. As when Adam attempts to console Eve about her dream in Book V and seems not to establish empathy, here he expresses his horror in terms of how the action affects him, a point stressed by the fact that he does indeed only speak to himself, as the epic narrator says. Adam's response is initially affective, moreover, not rational: as noted earlier, he sums up with how her sin makes him "feel / The link of nature." The dramatic pose Hayman gives Adam asserts this painful loss of Eve that marks his birth as a psychologically separate being.

Milton, like Hayman, appears none too quick to place the full weight of blame for the fall on Eve, confirming what the artist reads as her ambiguous status as the author of Adam's separation. For example, Francis Peck, in his 1740 *New Memoirs of the life and poetical works of Mr. John Milton* lays out four separate plans for dramatic versions of *Paradise Lost*, from the "authority," Peck writes, "of the author's MS, which I have now [26. May 1739] before me" (38; square brackets occur in Peck's text).¹¹ A section of the "fourth Plan" Peck cites implies that Adam bears a full share of blame:

Heer the Chorus bewails *Adam's* fall.
Adam then & *Eve* returne, & accuse one another; but especially
Adam layes the blame to his wife: is stubborn in his offence.
Justice appears; reasons with him: convinces him.
The Chorus admonishes *Adam*, & bids him beware *Lucifer's* example
of impenitence.

(41)

Adam's stubbornness is reflected in *Paradise Lost*: Adam scolds Eve after the fall, exclaiming,

Would thou hadst heark'n'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wand'ring this unhappy Morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee.

(IX, 1134-37)

Adam conveniently forgets the important and often quoted words he said to Eve on the morning of the Fall, "Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more" (IX, 372). But even here, Adam only reluctantly acknowledges the couple's growing separation, for in the halting quality created by the multiple caesurae that divide the words "Go," "stay," "free," and "absents" he seems to remain dramatically indecisive about Eve's status as a free moral agent.

Hayman continues to stress what appears to be the independent moral agency of Eve, additionally witnessed by his being the first English illustrator of *Paradise Lost* not to allude to the artist Raphael's "The Expulsion" in his design for Book XII (fig. 7). Rather than show Adam and Eve being driven out of Eden together before the point of Michael's sword, Hayman illustrates a slightly earlier scene, when "In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught / Our ling'ring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate / Led them direct" (XII, 637-39). The warrior angel Michael mediates between Adam and Eve, and that he holds a hand of each powerfully suggests both a troubled but independently realized reconciliation and the divine mediation or spiritual bond necessary in a Miltonic marriage. Hayman signals Eve's moral independence by depicting her looking upward, confirming a pattern the artist has sustained throughout: the only time the couple look directly at each other is during the temptation scene. But instead of blaming Eve for the Fall, Hayman seems to recognize Adam's possessiveness. The artist emphasizes Adam's failure by showing him with his hand over his face, a gesture that might cover shame, weeping, or both.



Figure 7. Hayman's illustration for Book XII of *Paradise Lost*

Notes

¹ This painting may have been "David Garrick and William Windham" (c. 1745). Little and Kahrl, in their edition of Garrick's correspondence, suggest that the painting referred to in the letter is "David Garrick as Richard III" (III, 55). Garrick more likely refers to the former painting, however: he mentions William Windham in the same letter, and the later painting cited by Little and Kahrl is signed and dated 1760 (Allen 179), 15 years after the letter was written.

² Hayman was the third English artist to produce a set of book illustrations for *Paradise Lost*. The first illustrated version of Milton's epic was Jacob Tonson's 1688 fourth edition, with illustrations by Bernard Lens, John Baptist Medina, and Henry Aldrich. Tonson also sponsored the second set of illustrations for *Paradise Lost*, designed by Louis Cheron and James Thornhill. This second set was first offered to the public in 1720. A concise summary of the early history of Milton illustration can be found in *A Milton Encyclopedia*, vol. 4, under "illustrators."

Mary Ravenhall provides the most in-depth critical analysis of Francis Hayman's illustrations in "Francis Hayman and the Dramatic Interpretation of *Paradise Lost*." Although her critical intuition is correct, she makes an artificial distinction when she claims that "The shift of critical emphasis from the theological to the dramatic aspects of *Paradise Lost* appears to have had a direct influence on Hayman's choice of subjects for illustration and on his mode of interpreting those subjects which were retained from the Aldrich-Medina-Lens series" (87-8). Although in separate essays, both Ravenhall and Suzanne Boorsch make convincing arguments for allusions to paintings of theological subjects in the first designs for *Paradise Lost* by Medina, Lens, and Aldrich, they do not support the idea that those earlier illustrations are somehow more theological in their critical emphasis than Hayman's later effort. Nicholas von Maltzahn's studies of the early reception of *Paradise Lost*, moreover, discuss the political and theological implications of the work, and he implies that the difficulty of separating these two issues during the Restoration recommends a similar caution in applying other modern critical assumptions to the eighteenth century.

Ravenhall's thesis of a shift in critical emphasis is easier to perceive in the longer term: certainly in the second half of the eighteenth century, there were numerous stage and musical adaptations of *Paradise Lost* that might justify noting a shift in interpretive emphasis toward the epic's dramatic interpretation. But it remains difficult to separate the drama of Milton's epic from its theology in so broad a sense during the first half of the eighteenth century as Ravenhall does, especially in light of early autograph manuscripts laying out the plot of *Paradise Lost* in the form of a tragedy.

³ Quotes from *Paradise Lost* are taken from Thomas Newton's 1749 quarto edition.

⁴ Hayman apparently did not know Milton was referring to the banyan tree, but appears to rely on Genesis, which says that Adam and Eve "sewed fig leaves

together, and made themselves aprons" (3:7). Merritt Hughes explains that Milton's lines, "The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd, / But such as at this day to *Indians* known" (IX.1101-2), actually to refer to the banyan tree; he cites Gerard's 1597 *Herball*, which refers to an "arched Indian Figtree" (403). Newton also raises the issue in a note to his edition, explaining "So Homer's Ulysses covers his nakedness in the wood, Odyss. VI. 127. The sacred text says, Gen. III. 7 that they sowed [sic] fig-leaves together; and Milton adheres to the Scripture expression, which has given occasion to the *sneer*, What could they do for needles and thread?" Newton later gives a source for Milton's reference other than Gerard's *Herball* when he observes that "this was the Indian fig-tree, the account of which he borrows from Pliny; ... Sir Walter Ralieggh, upon his own knowledge, gives very much the same account of this Ficus Indica in his History of the World B. I. C. 4. S. 2."

⁵ R. D. Meikle's *British Trees and Shrubs* lists several genera of elms native to Great Britain. The trees behind Adam and Eve in Hayman's illustration for Book IV might be elms, but the leaves appear to lack the distinguishing serrated edges.

⁶ In his analysis of Book IV, Todd Simmons similarly observes that Milton's use of oxymora in his description of Eve ("coy submission, modest pride, / And sweet reluctant amorous delay") suggest her unfallen nature because in the prelapsarian world, opposites were still yoked together (119). However, the ambiguity of Hayman's designs may be a way to lend dramatic tension to an epic in which readers already know the outcome.

⁷ Merritt Hughes (286) and Diane McColley ("The Iconography of Eden" 108) both note that Biblical illustrators frequently show animals in Eden, and Roland Mushat Frye's *Milton's Imagery and the Visual Arts* provides numerous examples of this motif. The lion and the lamb lying down together in Hayman's illustration raise a special problem, however. Although a phrase similar to "and the lion and the lamb shall lie down together" appears to be one that many have heard, it does not appear in the Bible. *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance* and *Nelson's Complete Concordance of the New American Bible* include a variety of references to both lions and lambs, but neither lists this phrase or one similar to it. I also consulted Laurence Urdang and Frederick G. Ruffner, Jr.'s *Allusions—Cultural, Literary, Biblical, and Historical: A Thematic Dictionary*, the revised centenary edition of *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, Bruce Metzger and Michael Coogan's *The Oxford Companion to the Bible*, and Jean-Charles Seigneuret's *Dictionary of Literary Motifs and Themes*. I also scanned the words of Handel's *Messiah* in search of this fugitive phrase. After consulting two very kind and helpful reference librarians at the Middleton Library at Louisiana State University (Barbara Wittkopf and Margaret Stephens), I believe the passage to be a paraphrase of Isaiah 11:6: "The wolf shall also dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

⁸ Ricki Heller has shown that Milton's view of marriage and divorce emphasizes the primacy of spiritual connectedness between a husband and wife above

any human law that mandates that an incompatible couple remain together, based perhaps on Matthew 19.6: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." When Milton proposes divorce, he seems to question the first part of Christ's statement, that God is the agent who has joined a particular couple. In *Tetrachordon*, Milton constructs a hierarchy of values constituting marriage: "in matrimony there must be first a mutuall help to piety, next to civill fellowship of love and amity, then to generation, so to houshold affairs, lastly the remedy of incontinence" (II, 599). Moreover, in the *Doctrine of Discipline and Divorce*, Milton explains that "Marriage is a covnant [sic] the very beeing whereof consists, not in a forc't cohabitation, and counterfeit performance of duties, but in unfained love and peace" (II, 254).

⁹ The narrative voice uses oddly sibilant words and phrases to describe Eve, echoing Satan's own name, Sin, the serpent, and the hissing throng (X, 506-509): "For softness shée and sweet attractive Grace" (IV, 299) and "She as a veil down to the slender waist / Her unadorned golden tresses wore / Dishevell'd" (IV, 304-306; italics mine). Even the waterfall's sibilant "murmuring sound / Of waters" (IV, 453-54) behind Satan in Hayman's design for Book IV seems to associate Eve with the archfiend. Moreover, King-Kok Cheung, citing D.C. Allen, notes that the "*Protrepicus* of Clement of Alexandria, an author well known to Milton" (199), asserts that the name "Eve" in Hebrew, if properly aspirated, could mean "serpent." Although the etymology is incorrect, it was nonetheless given credibility, and may have been in Milton's mind whether or not he believed it himself. What Cheung concludes to be Eve's affinity with the serpent, however, may be only literary foreshadowing or, more importantly in terms of Hayman's designs, perhaps a kind of verbal aggression directed toward her by Satan, or even by the epic narrator.

¹⁰ McColley, in, "Beneficent Hierarchies: Reading Milton Greenly," proposes that when Eve desires to spend time gardening alone, she "would in the long run enrich the quality of personal life, including erotic life, more than obsession with private gratifications would do" (232). She finds that Eve's desire for autonomy, rather than reflect "excessive individualism," answers a responsibility to nurture the garden around her. In this context, Adam's possessiveness disrupts Eve's place in Milton's Edenic hierarchy, in which the receivers of God's benefits have a duty to transmit them to the plants and creatures below.

¹¹ John Steadman writes in the *Complete Prose Works of John Milton* that Milton's notes occupy seven pages of manuscript, and are usually dated to the 1640s (VIII, 539). The plan quoted from Peck corresponds to Steadman's entry 65, "Adam unparadiz'd" (VIII, 559-60).

CONCLUSION

Adrienne Corri, on a quest to authenticate an unsigned Gainsborough portrait of David Garrick she had noticed in the Alexander Theater in Birmingham, tells of a quip by Elizabeth Einberg of the Tate Gallery. According to Corri, the two women had stopped for a moment to look at what she called "rather dreary little Hayman portrait." Elizabeth Einberg reportedly responded gently, and said with a pitying look, "We musn't underestimate Hayman" (72). Indeed, scholars should not underestimate Hayman, for his book illustrations reveal a highly developed critical faculty. A further look at Hayman's work leads to insights about the how eighteenth-century readers like the artist interpreted their books.

Corri's quick aesthetic characterization of the artist's work is not unique. Hayman has been overshadowed by later eighteenth-century painters like Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wright of Derby, Fuseli, and West. His case has not been helped by the scarcity of documentation about his life, such as lectures to the Royal Academy, an aesthetic treatise, or a large body of correspondence with his contemporaries. He has also been overshadowed by the critical reputation of his friend William Hogarth, whose narrative print series may have inspired Hayman's evident interest in reading texts rather than merely decorating them. But the artist was prominent and influential during his life, as his obituary, reprinted by Brian Allen from the 3 February 1776 issue of *The Public Advertiser*, succinctly testifies:

Yesterday Morning died at his House on Dean St., Soho, of the Gout, and in the sixty eighth Year of his Age, Francis Hayman, Esq., Librarian to the Royal Academy. He was one of the oldest Artists of Great Britain, and one of the best Painters of his Time. In the early part of his life he was a Scene Painter to the Drury Lane Theatre, and excelled in small Conversation Pictures. But he left that Trait for the higher Walks of History. His Pictures and Sketches in Vauxhall Gardens, at the Foundling Hospital, and many private houses, have been the just admiration of the Public. His taste and Excellence in his Drawings and Designs have been no less esteemed. Witness his Compositions for Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, the Spectator, Don Quixote and numberless other Pieces. His Talent for Humour, and his Worth as a Man, will make his

Friends and Acquaintances much concerned for his Death. (*Francis Hayman*
1)

In the period leading up to the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768, Hayman was one of the most prominent artists in England, and he appears to have been well liked by his patrons and friends. Although he never went to Rome as did so many later British artists, his work was nonetheless still valued; his designs for Tobias Smollett's 1755 translation of *Don Quixote*, for example, dominated illustrated editions for the remainder of the century. With the exception of Horace Walpole's opinion, the artist's contemporary reputation appears universally favorable.

Literary scholars have unfortunately joined art historians in undervaluing Hayman's work. Until relatively recently, book illustrations have not been viewed as a source of information about how texts were read, as witnessed by the scarcity of critical editions that reprint such designs or even list them in an appendix. Even the otherwise extraordinarily valuable English Short Title Catalog, if it notes that a book has plates or illustrations, rarely lists the designer or engraver, unless that information also occurs on the title page of the work. Yet there is a long tradition in Western thought of comparing the qualities of the sister arts of painting and poetry, and writers and artists have frequently looked to each other for inspiration. Moreover, as Edward Hodnett documents, books have been illustrated since the beginning of the printing press. Because illustrations within books participate in the narratives they describe, they offer an additional method of recovering interpretive information about literature.

Reading Francis Hayman's book illustrations as a kind of critical language reveals cultural and historical information not always available from other sources. These book illustrations are more than ornaments in the texts with which they are bound, and in many cases, the artist displays an interpretive sophistication at odds with strictly aesthetic appraisals of his work. His designs for Hanmer's Shakespeare

reveal an independent and critical habit of mind, which, when applied to Richardson's *Pamela*, betrays some of the cultural tensions accompanying the novel's early reception. His designs for Moore and Brooke's *Fables for the Female Sex*, moreover, comment on contemporary gender issues, and occasionally even redirect a tale toward men that had been ostensibly aimed at women. Lastly, Hayman's illustrations for Newton's edition of *Paradise Lost* suggest that he very closely read Milton's epic, and when he depicts the couple gradually moving apart, he appears to note Adam's possessiveness of Eve. Taken together, Hayman's designs compose an editorial apparatus that not only offers a glimpse into how British literature was read in the 1740s, but also calls for a rethinking of critical methodology that does not take illustrations into account.

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APPENDIX A

TRANSCRIPT OF *FABLES FOR THE FEMALE SEX*

[More, Edward and Henry Brooke]. *Fables for the Female Sex*. The Third Edition. London: Printed for R. Francklin, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, M.DCC.XLIV [1749]. 8mo.

The following Fables were written at intervals, when I found myself in humour, and disengaged from matters of greater moment. As they are the writings of an idle hour, so they are intended for the reading of those, whose only business is amusement. My hopes of profit, or applause, are not immoderate; nor have I printed thro' necessity, or request of friends. I have leave from her Royal Highness to address her, and I claim the Fair for my Readers. My fears are lighter than my expectations; I wrote to please myself, and I publish to please others; and this so universally, that I have not wish'd for correctness to rob the critic of his censure, or my friend of the laugh.

My intimates are few, and I am not solicitous to increase them. I have learnt, that where the writer would please, the man should be unknown. An author is the reverse of all other objects, and magnifies by distance, but diminishes by approach. His private attachments must give place to public favour; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natur'd attempt of being thought wiser than himself.

To avoid therefore the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me, that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of *Gustavus Vasa* [Henry Brooke]. Let the crime of pleasing be his, whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

Fable I: The Eagle, and the assembly of Birds.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales

The moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, *Fair Excellence*, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths, that lead astray
The wandering nymph from wisdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame,
That dwells delighted on your name,

[5]

[10]

Her friendly tale, however true, [15]
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent, in charity, my spite, [20]
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous as they pass;
Should folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantastic form offend, [25]
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
While satire, that offends the ear
Of vice and passion, pleases her. [30]
Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the fable, you, who dare.

The birds in place, by factions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd;
By specious lies the state was vex'd, [35]
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They beg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sate,
Decider of the grand debate. [40]

The Pye, to trust and pow'r prefer'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says,
"Some birds there are, who prone to noise, [45]
"Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice,
"And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
"Rise by their empitness to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree; [50]
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose;
My prudent counsels prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart [55]
In virtue's suffrings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller said true;
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,

| | |
|--|------|
| "Who knew no int'rest but their own; | [60] |
| "Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard, | |
| "Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd. | |
| This might be true, but if apply'd | |
| To him, in troth, the sland'rer ly'd. | |
| Since ign'rance then might be misled, | [65] |
| Such things, he thought, were best unsaid. | |
| The Crow was vex'd: as yester-morn | |
| He flew across the new-sown corn, | |
| A screaming boy was set for pay, | |
| He knew, to drive the crows away; | [70] |
| Scandal had found him out in turn, | |
| And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn. | |
| The Owl arose, with solemn face, | |
| And thus harangu'd upon the case. | |
| That magpies prate, it may be true, | [75] |
| A kite may be voracious too, | |
| Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease; | |
| He libels not, who strikes at these; | |
| The slander's here---"But there are birds, | |
| "Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words; | [80] |
| "Blund'rers, who level in the dark, | |
| "And always shoot beside the mark." | |
| He names not me; but these are hints, | |
| Which manifest at whom he squints; | |
| I were indeed that blund'ring fowl, | [85] |
| To question if he meant an owl. | |
| Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries, | |
| 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies; | |
| The virtuous mind takes no alarm, | |
| Secur'd by innocence from harm; | [90] |
| While guilt, and his associate fear, | |
| Are startled at the passing air. | |

Fable II: The Panther, the Horse, and other Beasts.

| | |
|---|------|
| The man, who seeks to win the fair, | |
| (So custom says) must truth forbear; | |
| Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie, | |
| And raise the goddess to the sky. | |
| For truth is hateful to her ear, | [5] |
| A rudeness, which she cannot bear. | |
| A rudeness? Yes. I speak my thoughts; | |
| For truth upbraids her with her faults. | |
| How wretched, Chloe, then am I, | |
| Who love you, and yet cannot lie! | [10] |

And still to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend!
 But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he, who tells you honest truth, [15
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected, and forgot?
 Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
 Your taste for flatt'ry I could please, [20
 And similes in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
 What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the op'ning rose?
 Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs, [25
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
 Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
 Time every beauty will invade.
 The butterfly, of various hue,
 More than the flow'r resembles you; [30
 Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing.
 To pleasure ever on the wing,
 Gayly coquetting for an hour,
 To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
 Would you the bloom of youth should last? [35
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
 An easy carriage, wholly free
 From sour reserve, or levity;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art; [40
 Humility, enough to own
 The frailties, which a friend makes known,
 And decent pride, enough to know
 The worth, that virtue can bestow.
 These are the charms, which ne'er decay, [45
 Tho' youth, and beauty fade away,
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue, and improves.
 You'll frown, and ask, to what intent
 This blunt address to you is sent?
 I'll spare the question, and confess, [50
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,

When beasts met friendly on the plain, [55]
 A Panther, of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd every bosom with desire.
 Where e'er she mov'd, a servile crowd [60]
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
 Assemblies every week she held,
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
 And lies and scandal fill'd the place. [65]
 Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
 Encircled by the spacious ring.
 Low-bowing, with important look,
 As first in rank, the Monkey spoke.
 "Gad take me, madam, but I swear, [70]
 "No angel ever look'd so fair:
 "Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
 "You were not quite divine till now;
 "Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
 "O, close them, or the gazer dies!" [75]
 Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
 I vow, and swear, you make me blush;
 I shall be angry at this rate;
 'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.
 The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd, [80]
 The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
 And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
 To which the fair have vast pretence!
 Yet well he knew them always vain
 Of what they strive not to attain, [85]
 And play'd so cunningly his part,
 That pug was rival'd in his art.
 The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
 And burnt--for what he durst not name;
 Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood [90]
 Might make his meaning understood.
 Half angry at the bold address,
 She frown'd; but yet she must confess,
 Such beauties might inflame his blood,
 But still his phrase was somewhat rude. [95]
 The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
 The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
 While all to feed her folly strove,
 And by their praises shar'd her love.
 The Horse, whose generous heart disdain'd [100]

Applause, by seville flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke.

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn, and prate,
They justly raise contempt, or hate; [105
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,

Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away, [110
For knaves make friendships to betray.

Dismiss the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm; [115
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?

He said, and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

Fable III: The Nightingale, and Glow-worm.

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lilly, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise, [5
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature. [10
All other insects, that I see,

The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew
Who servilely their lives employ [15
In business, enemy to joy.

Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only was I born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine. [20
Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,

And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray, [25]

A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke. [30]

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns, [35]
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

Fable IV: Hymen, and Death.

Sixteen, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time,
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay---The settlement! "That's made."
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can, [5]
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait. [10]
Behind him, thro' the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran, [15]
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless Death, whose iron sway,
Mortal[s] reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign? [20]
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody, and the bold, [25]
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?

But must the gentle, and the kind
 Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find? [30]
 The monarch calmly thus reply'd;
 Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
 That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
 Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
 Then let the charge be justly laid; [35]
 That idle boy neglects his trade,
 And hardly once in twenty years,
 A couple to your temple bears.
 The wretches, whom your office blends,
 Silenus now, or Plutus sends; [40]
 Hence care, and bitterness, and strife
 Are common to the nuptial life.
 Believe me; more than all mankind,
 Your vot'ries my compassion find;
 Yet cruel am I call'd, and base, [45]
 Who seek the wretched to release;
 The captive from his bonds to free,
 Indissoluble but for me.
 'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
 By me, your crowded altars smoke: [50]
 For mortals boldly dare the noose,
 Secure that Death will set them loose.

Fable V: The Poet, and his Patron.

Why, Coelia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
 How ill that dress adorns your head, [5]
 Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
 A little water might displace,
 As nature ev'ry morn bestows
 The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose. [10]
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
 Uncomb'd, and injured by neglect,
 Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress? [15]
 Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
 Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
 Now matter how loose your dress is;
 The end is won, your fortune's made,

Your sister now may take the trade. [20]
 Alas! what pity 'tis to find
 This fault in half the female kind!
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that sours the wedded life.
 Beauty can only point the dart, [25]
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
 Let neatness then, and beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
 'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conquest, than subdue; [30]
 Admit us once behind the screen,
 What is there farther to be seen?
 A newer face may raise the flame,
 But every woman is the same.
 Then study chiefly to improve [35]
 The charm, that fix'd your husband's love.
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,
 That gave your beauty power to bless?
 Pursue it still; be neater seen;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean; [40]
 So shall you keep alive desire,
 And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear [45]
 Apollo, and the Muses there;
 Thro' all the town his praises rung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddess Want her pinions spread, [50]
 And with poetic fury fir'd,
 What Phoebus faintly had inspired.
 A noble Youth of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome, [55]
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
 Behold him at the stately board,
 Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
 Each day, deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the generous wines; [60]
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

| | |
|---|------|
| Now, dropt for politics and news, | [65] |
| Neglected lay the drooping muse, | |
| Unmindful whence his fortune came, | |
| He stifled the poetic flame; | |
| Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady, | |
| Lampoon, nor epigram was ready. | [70] |
| With just contempt his Patron saw, | |
| (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw) | |
| And thus, with anger in his look, | |
| The late repenting fool bespoke. | |
| Blind to the good that courts thee grown, | [75] |
| Whence has the sun of favour shone? | |
| Delighted with thy tuneful art, | |
| Esteem was growing in my heart, | |
| But idly thou reject'st the charm, | |
| That gave it birth, and kept it warm. | [80] |
| Unthinking fools, alone despise | |
| The arts, that taught them first to rise. | |

Fable VI: The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb.

| | |
|---|------|
| Duty demands, the parent's voice | |
| Should should sanctify the daughter's choice; | |
| In that is due obedience shewn; | |
| To chuse belongs to her alone. | |
| May horror seize his midnight hour, | [5] |
| Who builds upon a parent's pow'r, | |
| And claims, by purchase vile and base, | |
| The loathing maid for his embrace; | |
| Hence virtue sickens; and the breast, | |
| Where peace had built her downy nest, | [10] |
| Becomes the troubled seat of care, | |
| And pines with anguish, and despair. | |
| A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold, | |
| Whose nightly plunders thin'd the fold, | [15] |
| Contemplating his ill-spent life, | |
| And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife. | |
| His purpose known, the savage race, | |
| In num'rous crowds, attend the place; | |
| For why, a mighty Wolf he was, | [20] |
| And held dominion in his jaws. | |
| Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought, | |
| And humbly his alliance sought; | |
| But cold by age, or else too nice, | |
| None found acceptance in his eyes. | [25] |

It happen'd, as at early dawn
 He solitary cross'd the lawn,
 Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
 Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
 When Cupid, foe to man and beast, [30]
 Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
 And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
 Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
 An courteous, thus the Dam bespoke. [35]

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
 Trust me, no enemy is near;
 These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
 At length have known enough of blood;
 And kinder business brings me now, [40]
 Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
 You have a daughter---Sweet, forgive
 A Wolf's address---In her I live;
 Love from her eyes like light'ning came, [45]
 And set my marrow all on flame;
 Let your consent confirm my choice,
 And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
 What midnight robber dare invade
 The fold, if I the guard am made? [50]
 At home the shepherd's curr may sleep,
 While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd [55]
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd,
 Propos'd, and doubled her demands
 Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
 The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
 To Miss her happy fate she tells; [60]
 And of the grand alliance vain,
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
 And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
 But all in vain; mamma best knew [65]
 What unexperienc'd girls should do;
 So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
 A formal ass the coupld marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
 The trembler goes, a victim-bride, [70]

Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
 And bleats among the howling race.
 With horror oft her eyes behold
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
 Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd, [75
 And at the glutton's table carv'd;
 The crashing bones he grinds for food,
 And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.
 Love, who the cruel mind detests,
 And lodges but in gentle breasts, [80
 Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
 The savage hunger'd for the feast;
 But (as we find in human race,
 A mask conceals the villian's face)
 Justice must authorize the treat; [85
 Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.
 As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,

The hunters met him on the way;
 Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought,
 The snuffing dogs are set at fault. [90
 His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
 Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
 Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
 Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd) [95
 The gentle virtue of a bride?
 That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
 She sets her husband for the chace [sic]?
 By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
 To scent his footsteps on the ground? [100
 Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood
 Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
 So saying, on the Lamb he flies,
 Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

Fable VII: The Goose, and the Swans.

I hate the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air;
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies, which only tend [5
 To injure what they strive to mend.
 With what superior grace enchants
 The face, which nature's pencil paints!

Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
 Glow with the meaning of the heart! [10
 Where freedom, and good-humour sit,
 And easy gaiety, and wit!
 Though perfect beauty be not there,
 The master lines, the finish'd air,
 We catch from every look delight, [15
 And grow enamour'd at the sight:
 For beauty, though we all approve,
 Excites our wonder, more than love;
 While the agreeable strikes sure,
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure. [20
 Why then, my Amoret, this care
 That forms you, in effect, less fair?
 If nature on your cheek bestows
 A bloom, that emulates the rose,
 Or from some heav'nly image drew [25
 A form, Apelles never knew,
 Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
 And spoil by meretricious art?
 Or had you, nature's error, come,
 Abortive from the mother's womb, [30
 Your forming care she still rejects,
 Which only heightens her defects.
 When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
 Still press the foremost in the croud, [35
 At ev'ry public shew are seen,
 With look awry, and aukward mein,
 The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
 And magnifies deformity.
 Nature may underdo her part,
 But seldom wants the help of art; [40
 Trust her, she is your surest friend,
 Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
 The shrillest of the cackling train,
 With proud, and elevated crest, [45
 Precedence claim'd above the rest.
 Says she, I laugh at human race,
 Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
 Look here!---the sland'rous lie detect;
 Not haughty man is so erect. [50
 That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
 The creature's of his gaudy train!
 If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,

A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects, [55]
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the mean she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks; [60]
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we see!--- [65]

Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern. [70]

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt, and mockery ensu'd, [75]
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride; [80]

These airs thy aukwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock, [85]
Been deem'd an honest, hobbling goose.

Learn hence, to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools,
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal. [90]

Fable VIII: The Lawyer, and Justice.

Love! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know!
Our rebel heart thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of nature made [5]

The sexes for each other's aid,
 Their mutual talents to employ,
 To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
 To weaker woman, he assign'd
 That soft'ning gentleness of mind, [10]
 That can, by sympathy, impart
 It's [sic] likeness, to the roughest heart.
 Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
 To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
 His rosy fingers on her face [15]
 Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
 And stamp'd (perfection to display)
 His mildest image on her clay[.]
 Man, active, resolute, and bold,
 He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould, [20]
 With useful arts his mind inform'd,
 His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
 He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
 And courage, for the fair's defence.
 Her frame, resistless to each wrong, [25]
 Demands protection from the strong;
 To man she flies, when fear alarms,
 And claims the temple of his arms.
 By nature's author thus declar'd
 The woman's sovereign, and her guard, [30]
 Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
 The weakness, he was meant to aid?
 While beauty, given to inspire
 Protecting love, and soft desire,
 Lights up a wild-fire in the heart, [35]
 And to it's [sic] own breast points the dart,
 Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
 To triumph over innocence.
 The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
 Was never set the fold to keep; [40]
 Nor was the tyger, or the pard
 Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard;
 But man, the wildest beast of prey,
 Wears friendship's semblance, to betray;
 His strength against the weak employs, [45]
 And where he should protect, destroys.

 Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
 His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd;
 The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
 The earnest of to-morrow's lie. [50]

Sudden the furious winds arise,
 The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
 The doors admit a hollow sound,
 And rattling from their hinges bound;
 When Justice, in a blaze of light, [55]
 Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.
 The wretch with shrilling horror shook,
 Loose every joint, and pale his look;
 Not having seen her in the courts,
 Or found her mention'd in reports, [60]
 He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
 Her errand there, and whence she came?
 Sternly the white-rob'd shade reply'd,
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
 Can'st thou be doubtful who I am? [65]
 Is Justice grown so strange a name?
 Were not your courts for justice rais'd?
 'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
 My guardian thee did I elect,
 My sacred temple to protect, [70]
 That thou, and all thy venal tribe
 Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?
 Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
 Justice has neither ears, nor eyes;
 In foul alliance with the bar, [75]
 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
 And rarely issues his decree,
 But with intent to baffle me.
 She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.
 The trembling Lawyer thus return'd. [80]
 I own the charge is justly laid,
 And weak th' excuse that can be made;
 Yet search the spacious globe, and see
 If all mankind are not like me.
 The gown-man, skill'd in romish lies, [85]
 By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,
 O'er conscience rides without controul,
 And robs the man, to save his soul.
 The doctor, with important face,
 By sly design, mistakes the case; [90]
 Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
 To trick the patient of his fees.
 The soldier, rough with many a scar,
 And red with slaughter, leads the war;
 If he a nation's trust betray, [95]
 The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
 And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
 Must I be better than the rest,
 And harbour justice in my breast? [100]
 On one side only take the fee,
 Content with poverty and thee?
 Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
 Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
 If virtue from the world is flown, [105]
 Will others [sic] faults excuse thy own?
 For sickly souls the priest was made;
 Physicians for the body's aid;
 The soldier guarded liberty;
 Man, woman, and the lawyer me. [110]
 If all are faithless to their trust,
 They leave not thee the less unjust.
 Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
 And bar the sanction of my name;
 Within your courts it shall be read, [115]
 That Justice from the law is fled.
 She spoke, and hid in shades her face,
 Till Hardwick sooth'd her into grace.

* Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke was lord chancellor and supported the marriage reform law enacted in 1753.

Fable IX: The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offence alarms you now?
 I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
 But did I say, she equall'd you?
 Can't I another's face commend, [5]
 Or to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lours,
 As if her merit lessen'd yours?
 From female envy never free,
 All must be blind because you see.
 Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs, [10]
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs.
 Then tell me where the wood-bine grows,
 That vies in sweetness with the rose?
 Or where the lilly's snowy white,
 That throws such beauties on the sight? [15]
 Yet folly is it to declare,
 That these are neither sweet, nor fair.

The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before dimond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say, the di'mond dies,
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephirs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And strait the fat'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy, spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry enflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;

For this, his hand the food bestows;
 And shall thy indolence impart
 A warmer friendship to his heart, [65
 That thus he robs me of my due,
 To pamper such vile things as you?
 I own (with meekness Puss reply'd)
 Superior merit on your side;
 Nor does my breast with envy swell, [70
 To find it recompenc'd so well;
 Yet I, in what my nature can,
 Contribute to the good of man.
 Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
 Who drives the vermin from the house? [75
 Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
 From lurking rats secures the grain?
 From hence, if rewards bestow,
 Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
 Why pine my happiness to see, [80
 Since there's enough for you and me?
 Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd,
 And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

Fable X: The Spider, and the Bee.

The nymph, who walks the public streets,
 And sets her cap at all she meets,
 May catch the fool, who turns to stare,
 But men of sense avoid the snare. [5
 As on the margin of the flood,
 With silken line, my Lydia stood,
 I smil'd to see the pains you took,
 To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
 Along the forest as we stray'd,
 You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread; [10
 Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
 Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
 For as behind the bush we lay,
 The linnet flutter'd on the spray.
 Needs there such caution to delude [15
 The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
 And think you with inferior art,
 To captivate the human heart?
 The maid, who modestly conceals
 Her beauties, while she hides, reveals. [20
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells [25]
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise deisre;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound. [30]

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While salmon play regardless by, [35]
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare. [40]
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by, [45]
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou can'st boast; [50]
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees, [55]
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze.
Attracts not me; where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie; [60]
Reluctant, she my ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires, [65]
Adds fewel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,

By folly your own schemes undo.

Fable XI: The Young Lion, and the Ape.

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I listen not to wild delights, [5
And transports of expected nights;
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteness of your neck, and arms?
Needs there no acquisition more,
To keep contention from the door? [10
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloy, but of the mind.
Sense, and good-humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis (simplest of your sex) [15
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape,
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast; [20
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, suspend, [25
And learn instruction from a friend.
Reluctant, hear the first address,
Think often, ere you answer, yes;
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes, [30
With caution ev'ry look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
Contemn the girlish arts to tease, [35
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When soon, or late, they must obey.

The king of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign; [40
The beasts were summon'd to appear,

And bend before the royal heir.
 They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
 Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper monkey, pert and vain, [45]
 Step'd forth, and thus address'd the train.
 Why cringe my friends with slavish awe,
 Before this pageant king of straw?
 Shall we anticipate the hour,
 And ere we feel it, own his pow'r? [50]
 The counsels of experience prize,
 I know the maxims of the wise;
 Subjection lets us cast away,
 And live the monarchs of to-day;
 'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn, [55]
 And play the tyrant each in turn.
 So shall he right, from wrong discern,
 And mercy, from oppression learn;
 At others [sic] woes be taught to melt,
 And loath the ills himself has felt. [60]
 He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
 The youthful Lion thus reply'd.
 What madness prompts thee to provoke
 My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
 Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart [65]
 Compassion to the feeling heart?
 Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
 The hand to give, or eye to flow?
 Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
 From women thou hast drawn thy rules; [70]
 To them return, in such a cause,
 From only such expect applause;
 The partial sex I don't condemn,
 For liking those, who copy them.
 Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind, [75]
 By kindness bribe him to be kind;
 Good offices their likeness get,
 And payment lessens not the debt;
 With multiplying hand he gives
 The good, from others he receives; [80]
 Or, for the bad makes fair return,
 And pays with int'rest, scorn for scorn.

Fable XII: The Colt, and the Farmer.

Tell me, Corinna, if you can,
 Why so averse, so coy to man?

Did nature, lavish of her care,
 From her best pattern form you fair,
 That you, ungrateful to her cause, [5
 Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
 And miser-like, with-hold that store,
 Which, by imparting, blesses more?
 Beauty's a gift, by heav'n assign'd
 The portion of the female kind; [10
 For this the yielding maid demands
 Protection at her lover's hands;
 And though by wasting years it fade,
 Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
 And will you then this wealth conceal, [15
 For age to rust, or time to steal?
 The summer of your youth to rove,
 A stranger to the joys of love?
 Then, when life's winter hastens on,
 And youth's fair heritage is gone, [20
 Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
 To guard your wither'd age from harms,
 No gratitude to warm his breast,
 For blooming beauty, once possess'd;
 How will you curse that stubborn pride, [25
 That drove your bark across the tide,
 And sailing before folly's wind,
 Left sense and happiness behind?
 Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
 To such as you, I write my tale. [30

A Colt, for blood, and mettled speed,
 The choicest of the running breed,
 Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
 Refus'd subjection to the rein.
 In vain the groom's officious skill [35
 Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
 In vain the master's forming care
 Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
 Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
 Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran. [40
 Where e'er luxuriant nature spread
 Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
 Or bubbling streams, soft-gliding pass,
 To cool and freshen up the grass,
 Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade, [45
 And wanton'd in the spoil he made.
 In plenty thus the summer pass'd,

Revolving winter came at last;
 The trees no more a shelter yield,
 The verdure withers from the field, [50
 Perpetual snows invest the ground,
 In icy chains the streams are bound,
 Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
 His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.
 As round he cast his rueful eyes, [55
 He saw the thatch-roof'd cottage rise;
 The prospect touch'd his heart with chear,
 And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
 A stable, erst his scorn, and hate,
 Was now become his wish'd retreat; [60
 His passion cool, his pride forgot,
 A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.
 The Master saw his woeful plight,
 His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
 And friendly to the stable led, [65
 And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
 In slothful ease, all night he lay;
 The servants rose at break of day;
 The market calls. Along the road,
 His back must bear the pond'rous load; [70
 In vain he struggles, or complains,
 Incessant blows reward his pains.
 To-morrow varies but his toil;
 Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil,
 While scanty meals at night repay [75
 The painful labours of the day.
 Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
 His self-upbraidings found a vent.
 Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
 By arrogance, and folly led; [80
 Had but my restive youth been brought
 To learn the lesson, nature taught,
 Then had I, like my fires of yore,
 The prize from every courser bore;
 While man bestow'd rewards and praise, [85
 And females crown'd my latter days.
 Now lasting servitude's my lot,
 My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,
 Doom'd am I for my pride, to bear
 A living death, from year to year. [90

Fable XIII: The Owl, and the Nightingale.

To know the mistress' humour right,
 See if her maids are clean, and tight;
 If Betty waits without her stays,
 She copies but her lady's ways.
 When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout, [5
 And drops no curt'sy, going out,
 Depend upon't, mamma is one
 Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
 If bottled beer her thirst asswage,
 She feels enthusiastic rage, [10
 And burns with ardour to inherit
 The gifts, and working of the spirit.
 If learning crack her giddy brains,
 No remedy, but death remains.
 Sum up the various ills of life, [15
 And all are sweet, to such a wife.
 At home, superior wit she vaunts,
 And twits her husband with his wants;
 Her ragged offspring all around,
 Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground; [20
 Impatient ever of controul,
 She knows no order, but of foul;
 With books her litter'd floor is spread,
 Of nameless authors, never read; [25
 Foul linnen, petticoats, and lace
 Fill up the intermediate space.
 Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
 Is never still, and always wrong;
 All meanings she defines away,
 And stands, with truth and sense, at bay. [30
 If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
 Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
 Who makes her family her care,
 And builds contentment's temple there,
 She starts at such mistakes in nature, [35
 And cries, lord help us!--what a creature!
 Melissa, if the moral strike,
 You'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
 Lov'd learning better than his meat; [40
 Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
 And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
 At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
 And strip, for science, every pye.
 For modern poetry, and wit, [45

He had read all that Blackmore writ;
 So intimate with Curl was grown,
 His learned treasures were his own;
 To all his authors had access,
 And sometimes would correct the press. [50]
 In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
 You'd swear him fellow of a college.
 Alike to every art, and science,
 His daring genius bid defiance,
 And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste, [55]
 That cits do custards at a feast.
 Within the shelter of a wood,
 One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
 Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
 A Nightingale began his lay. [60]
 Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
 And screeching interrupts the song.
 Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
 And let my contemplations soar;
 What is the music of thy voice, [65]
 But jarring dissonance and noise?
 Be wise. True harmony, thou'lt find,
 Not in the throat, but in the mind;
 By empty chirping not attain'd,
 But by laborious study gain'd. [70]
 Go, read the authors Pope explodes,
 Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
 With modern plays improve thy wit,
 Read all the learning, Henley writ;
 And if thou needs must sing, sing then, [75]
 And emulate the ways of men;
 So shalt thou grow, like me refin'd,
 And bring improvement to thy kind.
 Thou wretch, the little Warbler cry'd,
 Made up of ignorance, and pride, [80]
 Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
 A greater blockhead wings not air.
 Read o'er thyself, thy talent scan,
 Science was only meant for man.
 No senseless authors me molest, [85]
 I mind the duties of my nest,
 With careful wing, protect my young,
 And chear their ev'nings with a song;
 Make short the weary trav'ller's way,
 And warble in the poet's lay. [90]
 Thus, following nature, and her laws,

From men, and birds I claim applause,
While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn's alike by both.

Fable XIV: The Sparrow, and the Dove.

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat, [5
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight. [10
The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease, bow'd round.
For every she his bosom burns, [15
And this, and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here--those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things; [20
With vows, and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter, [25
He knew the virtuous sex much better;
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield. [30
Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the mason's sign, [35
The conscious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!--pray Sir, explain your meaning--
Go prate to those who may endure ye--
To me this rudeness!--I'll assure ye!-- [40

Then off she glided, like a swallow,
 As saying----you guess where to follow.
 To such as know the party set,
 'Tis needless to declare they met;
 The parson's barn, as authors mention, [45]
 Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
 Her honour there secure from stain,
 She held all further trifling vain,
 No more affected to be coy,
 But rush'd licentious, on the joy. [50]

Hist, love!--the male companion cry'd,
 Retire awhile, I fear we're spy'd;
 Nor was the caution vain; he saw
 A Turtle, rustling in the straw,
 While o'er her callow brood she hung, [55]
 And fondly thus address'd her young.
 Ye tender objects of my care!
 Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
 Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
 And brings you all your hearts require. [60]
 For us, his infants, and his bribe [sic],
 For us, with only love to guide,
 Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
 And like a lion, dares to bleed.
 Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd, [65]
 He mounts upon the rudest wind,
 From danger tears the vital spoil,
 And with affection sweetens toil.
 Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
 In thine, our dearer safety spare! [70]
 From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
 And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
 Should I survive to see the day,
 That tears me from myself away,
 That cancels all that heav'n could give, [75]
 The life, by which alone I live,
 Alas, how more than lost were I,
 Who, in the thought, already die!
 Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
 Great rulers of your creatures, say, [80]
 Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
 And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
 Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
 Around it twines entangling care;
 While fear for what our souls possess, [85]
 Enervates every pow'r to bless;

Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
 And, life! what art thou, without love?
 Our hero, who had heard apart,
 Felt something moving in his heart, [90]
 But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
 The virtue, rising in his breast;
 And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
 And next, appoaching, smil'd and bow'd.
 Madam, you must not think me rude; [95]
 Good manners never can intrude;
 I vow I come thro' pure good nature---
 (Upon my soul a charming creature)
 Are these the comforts of a wife?
 This careful, cloistered, moaping life? [100]
 No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty
 Is a sweet province for a beauty.
 Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
 Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
 That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother, [105]
 Has taught thy infant years no other--
 The greatest ill in the creation,
 Is sure the want of education.
 But think ye?--tell me, without feigning,
 Have all these charms no farther meaning? [110]
 Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
 Might teach your ladyship much better.
 For shame, reject this mean employment,
 Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
 Where time, by circling bliss, we measure; [115]
 Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
 Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
 Be wise, be happy, and be free.
 Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
 Your zeal seems pretty much in haste; [120]
 I own, the fondness to be bless'd
 Is a deep thirst in every breast;
 Of blessings too I have my store,
 Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more;
 Then prove the change to be expedient, [125]
 And think me, Sir, your most obedient.
 Here turning, as to one inferior,
 Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
 Methinks, to quit your boasted station
 Requires a world of hesitation; [130]
 Where brats, and bonds are held a blessing,
 The case, I doubt, is past redressing.

Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,
 Were the mere fruits of my invention,
 You've cause sufficient for your carriage, [130]
 In flying from the curse of marriage;
 That sly decoy, with vary'd snares,
 That takes your widgeon in by pairs;
 Alike to husband, and to wife,
 The cure of love, and bane of life; [135]
 The only method of forecasting,
 To make mistfortune firm, and lasting;
 The sin, by heav'n's peculiar sentence,
 Unpardon'd, through a life's repentence.
 It is the double snake, that weds [140]
 A common tail to diff'rent heads,
 That lead the carcass still astray,
 By dragging each a diff'rent way.
 Of all the ills, that may attend me,
 From marriage, mighty gods, defend me! [145]
 Give Me frank nature's wild demesne,
 And boundless tract of air serene,
 Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
 Delights to sport, delights to range;
 There, Liberty! to thee owing [150]
 Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
 Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
 Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.
 What say you now, you pretty pink you?
 Have I, for once spoke reason, think you? [155]
 You take me now for no romancer---
 Come, never study for an answer;
 Away, cast every care behind ye,
 And fly where joy alone shall find ye.
 Soft yet, return'd our female fencer, [160]
 A question more, or so---and then, Sir.
 You've rally'd me with a sense exceeding,
 With much fine wit, and better breeding;
 But pray, Sir, how do You contrive it?
 Do those of your world never wive it? [165]
 "No, no" How then? "Why dare I tell,
 "What does the bus'ness full as well."
 Do you ne'er love?--"An hour at leisure."
 Have you no friendships? "Yes, for pleasure."
 No care for little ones? "We get 'em, [170]
 "The rest the mothers mind, and let 'em."
 Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
 Quite lost to life, as lost to love!

Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
 And come misfortune surely must; [175
 In the dread season of dismay,
 In that, your hour of trial, say,
 Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
 Who bear affliction's weightier part?
 Say, when the black-brow'd welken bends, [180
 And winter's gloomy form impends,
 To mourning turns a transient cheer,
 And blasts the melancholy year;
 For times, at no persuasion, stay,
 Nor vice can find perpetual May; [185
 Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
 That soul of pertness, whither fled?
 All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
 Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbles'd;
 No friend, by cordial bonds ally'd, [190
 Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side;
 No chirping prattlers, to delight
 Shall turn the long-enduring night;
 No bride her words of balm impart,
 And warm thee at her constant heart. [195
 Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
 Is as the sun's unvarying course,
 Benignly active, sweetly bright,
 Affording warmth, affording light;
 But torn from virtue's sacred rules, [200
 Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
 Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
 And fraught with all the plagues of life.
 Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
 Subsists, through universal nature; [205
 And this, to beings void of mind,
 Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.
 While womb'd in space, primaeval clay
 A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
 The source of endless good above [210
 Shot down his spark of kindling love;
 Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
 Then motion first exulting came;
 Each atom sought its separate class,
 Thro' many a fair, enamour'd mass, [215
 Love cast the central charm around,
 And with eternal nuptials bound.
 Then form, and order o'er the sky,
 First train'd their bridal pomp on high;

The sun display'd his orb to sight, [220]
 And burn'd with hymeneal light.
 Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
 And with the genial burden heav'd;
 Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
 And scal'd the breathing steep of air; [225]
 Then infant stems, of various use,
 Imbib'd her soft, maternal juice;
 The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
 Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
 Within her warm embraces grew [230]
 A race of endless form, and hue;
 Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
 And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.
 Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
 By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd; [235]
 But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
 Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
 Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
 The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
 And now with kind effusion flow'd, [240]
 And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
 Beheld the sympathetic fair,
 And lov'd its own resemblance there;
 On all with circling radiance shone,
 But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone, [240]
 There clasp'd the heav'n appointed wife
 And doubled every joy in life.
 Here ever blessing, ever bless'd,
 Resides this beauty of the breast,
 As from his palace, here the god [245]
 Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
 Here gems his own eternal round,
 The ring, by which the world is bound,
 Here bids his seat of empire grow,
 And builds his little heav'n below. [250]
 The bridal partners thus ally'd,
 And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
 One body, heart and spirit live,
 Enrich'd by every joy they give;
 Like echo, from her vocal hold, [255]
 Return'd in music twenty fold.
 Their union firm, and undecay'd,
 Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade,
 But as the stem, and scion stand,
 Ingrafted by a skilful hand, [260]

They check the tempest's wintry rage,
 And bloom and strengthen into age.
 A thousand amities unknown,
 And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
 Endearing looks, and chaste desire, [265
 Fan, and support the mutual fire,
 Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
 Is fed by an immortal mind.
 Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
 Like Nile it opens, and descends, [270
 Which, by apparent windings led,
 We trace to its celestial head.
 The fire, first springing from above,
 Becomes the source of life, and love,
 And gives his filial heir to flow, [275
 In fondness down on sons below:
 Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
 To time's extremest verge they glide,
 While kindred streams, on either hand,
 Branch forth in blessings o'er the land. [280
 Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
 No late-running brother claim,
 No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
 No sister greet thy entring voice,
 With partial eyes no parents see, [285
 And bless their years restor'd in thee.
 In age rejected, or declin'd,
 An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
 The partner of thy scorn'd embrace,
 Shall play the wanton in thy face, [290
 Each spark unplume thy little pride,
 All friendship fly thy faithless side,
 Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
 In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.
 All-giving pow'r! great source of life! [295
 O hear the parent! hear the wife!
 That life, thou lendest from above,
 Though little, make it large in love;
 O bid my feeling heart expand
 To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand; [300
 To those, from whom my days I drew,
 To these, in whom those days renew,
 To all my kin, however wide,
 In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd,
 To friends, with steely fetters twin'd, [305
 And to the cruel, not unkind.

But chief, the lord of my desire,
 My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
 Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
 Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name, [310]
 O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
 O give him to my latest hour!
 Let me my length of life employ,
 To give my sole enjoyment joy,
 His love, let mutual love excite, [315]
 Turn all my cares to his delight,
 And every needless blessing spare,
 Wherein my darling wants a share.
 When he with graceful action wooes,
 And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes, [320]
 Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
 With charms attractive as his own,
 And in my circling wings caress'd,
 Give all the lover to my breast.
 Then in our chaste, connubial bed, [325]
 My bosom pillow'd for his head,
 His eyes, with blissful slumbers close,
 And watch, with me, my lord's repose,
 Your peace around his temples twine,
 And love him, with a love like mine. [330]
 And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
 Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
 Me too to your protection take,
 And spare me, for my husband's sake;
 Let one unruffled, calm delight [335]
 The loving, and belov'd unite,
 One pure desire our bosoms warm,
 One will direct, one wish inform;
 Through life, one mutual aid sustain,
 In death, one peaceful grave contain. [340]
 While, swelling with the darling theme,
 Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
 The well-known wings a sound impart,
 That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
 Quick drop'd the music of her tongue, [345]
 And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
 As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
 And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
 Their wings their souls embracing meet,
 Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat; [350]
 Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
 With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Strait to her humble roof she led
 The partner of her spotless bed;
 Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise, [355]
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes,
 Transported, to their fire they bound,
 And hang with speechless action round.
 In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
 And see their little wings expand; [360]
 The sire, his life-sustaining prize
 To each expecting bill applies,
 There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
 While, all collected at the sight, [365]
 And silent through supreme delight,
 The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord, and infants smiles.
 The Sparrow, whose attention hung
 Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue, [370]
 Of all his little slights disarm'd,
 And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
 When now he saw, what only seem'd,
 A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
 His soul to envy he resign'd, [375]
 His hours of folly to the wind,
 In secret wish'd a turtle [dove] too,
 And sighing to himself, withdrew.

Fable XV: The Female Seducers.

'Tis said of widow, maid and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life;
 Unhappy sex! who only claim
 A being, in the breath of fame,
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales, [5]
 That sweep Sabaea's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.
 The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way; [10]
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure;
 But woman! no redemption knows,
 The wounds of honour never close.
 Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide, [15]
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,

Or deviate from the course decreed,
 In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
 Her swifter folly flies before; [20
 The circling ports against her close,
 And shut the wand'rer from repose,
 Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
 Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
 Are there no off'rings to atone [25
 For but a single error?----None.
 Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
 No daughter of celestial mold,
 Her temp'ring not without allay,
 And form'd, but of the finer clay, [30
 We challenge from the mortal dame
 The strength angelic natures claim;
 Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
 That ev'n immortal angels fell.
 Whatever fills the teeming sphere [35
 Of humid earth, and ambient air,
 With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
 The stars no fix'd duration know,
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow, [40
 The moon repletes her waning face,
 All-beauteous, from her late disgrace,
 And suns, that mourn approaching night,
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.
 In vain may death, and time subdue, [45
 While nature mints her race anew,
 And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
 'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
 To cloathe a naked world in green. [50
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
 Again the gates of life unfold;
 Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
 Again from every latent root [55
 The bladed stem, and tendril shoot,
 Exhaling incense to the skies,
 Again to perish, and to rise.
 And must weak woman then disown
 The change to which a world is prone? [60
 In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
 Resolv'd and firm alone?----Is this

What we demand of woman?----Yes.
 But should the spark of vestal fire, [65]
 In some unguarded hour expire,
 Or should the nightly thief invade
 Hesperia's chaste, and sacred shade,
 Of all the blooming spoil possess'd, [70]
 The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
 Shall virtue's flame no more return?
 No more with virgin splendor burn?
 No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom?---No.
 Pity may mourn, but not restore, [75]
 And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies----no matter where;
 The clime may readily be found
 By all, who tread poetic ground, [80]
 A Stream, call'd life, across it glides,
 And equally the land divides;
 And here, of vice the province lies,
 And there, the hills of virtue rise. [85]
 Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for propect, as repose;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd, [90]
 And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.
 A num'rous progeny divine,
 Confess'd the honours of their line;
 But in a little daughter fair,
 Was center'd more than half their care; [95]
 For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
 Gave signs of future joy to earth;
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
 (A flow'r just opening to the view) [100]
 Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd, [105]
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And nature yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen, [110]
 Her parents up the mountain's head,
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd.
 O! joyful cause of many a care! [115]
 O! daughter, too divinely fair!
 Yon world, on this important day,
 Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
 A painful journey, all must go,
 Whose doubted period none can know, [120]
 Whose due direction who can find,
 Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
 Ah, what unequal leaders these,
 Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!
 Then mark the warnings of the wise, [125]
 And learn what love, and years advise.
 Far to the right thy prospect bend,
 Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
 Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
 Which virtue, and her sons pursue; [130]
 With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
 And gain, and gain upon the skies.
 Narrow's the way her children tread,
 No walk, for pleasure smoothly spread,
 But rough, and difficult, and steep, [135]
 Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
 Fruits immature those lands dispense,
 A food indelicate to sense,
 Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
 Pure health, with chearful vigor flows, [140]
 And strength, unfeeling of decay,
 Throughout the long, laborious way.
 Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
 Each limb is lightened of it's [sic] load;
 From earth refining still they go, [145]
 And leave the mortal weight below;
 Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
 And smooth the rugged path appears;
 For custom turns fatigue to ease,
 And, taught by virtue, pain can please. [150]
 At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
 And near the bright, celestial shore,
 A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
 Appears, of either world the bound,

Thro' darkness, leading up to light; [155]
 Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
 For there the transitory train,
 Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
 And matter's gross, incumb'ring mass,
 Man's late associates, cannot pass, [160]
 But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
 And leave the wond'ring soul at large,
 Lightly she wings her obvious way,
 And mingles with eternal day.
 Thither, O thither wing thy speed, [165]
 Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
 To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n.
 For present earth, a future heav'n';
 For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
 And endless bliss, for transient pain. [170]
 Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
 Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
 Wide on the left the path-way bends,
 And with pernicious ease descends;
 There sweet to sense, and fair to show, [175]
 New-planted Edens seem to blow,
 Trees, that delicious poison bear,
 For death is vegetable there.
 Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
 Each sinew slack'ning at the taste, [180]
 The soul to passion yields her throne,
 And sees with organs not her own;
 While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
 Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
 Before her alienated eyes, [185]
 The scenes of fairy-land arise;
 The puppet world's amusing show,
 Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow,
 Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things, [190]
 The toys of infants, and of kings,
 That tempt along the baneful plain,
 The idly wise, and lightly vain,
 'Till verging on the gulphy shore,
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
 But iift to what thy fates declare; [195]
 Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone; [200]

Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
 On thy returning steps shall wait,
 Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
 And every foot thy presence fly.
 Thus arm'd with words of potent sound, [205]
 Like guardian angels plac'd around,
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
 Like morn, fore-running radiance [sic] went [210]
 While honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.
 Awe-struck the much admiring-crowd
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,
 Gaz'd with an ever new delight, [215]
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
 For not of earth's unequal frame
 They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame,
 If matter, sure the most refin'd,
 High wrought, and temper'd into mind, [220]
 Some darling daughter of the day,
 And body'd by her native ray.
 Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,
 And thousands, where she moves, attend;
 Her ways observant eyes confess, [225]
 Her steps pursuing praises bless;
 While to the elevated maid
 Oblations, as to heav'n are paid.
 'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
 The jovial birth of rosy May, [230]
 When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
 New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
 The sun with healthier visage glows, [235]
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
 And dances up th' etherial plain,
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
 While nature, as from bonds set free
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee. [240]
 And now for momentary rest,
 The Nymph her travel'd step repress'd,
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
 And glory'd in the height she gained.
 Out-stretch'd before her wide survey, [245]
 The realms of sweet perdition lay,

Curiosity with prying eyes,
 And hands of busy, bold emprise;
 Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
 And, like fore-running fancy, fleet. [295]
 By search untaught, by toil untired,
 To novelty she still aspir'd,
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
 And but in expectation bless'd.
 With her, associate, Pleasure came, [300]
 Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
 Her mein, all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties half revealed to sight;
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing winds around.
 As erst Medusa's looks were known [305]
 To turn beholders into stone,
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
 Her glance with sweet perswasion charm'd,
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarmed; [310]
 No safety ev'n the flying find,
 Who vent'rous, look but twice behind.
 Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
 While distant, more than half betray'd.
 With smiles, and adulation bland, [315]
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
 While half consenting, half denying,
 Repugnant now, and now complying, [320]
 Amidst a war of hopes, and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down, and down, the winning Pair
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
 As when some stately vessel, bound [325]
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land, [330]
 Lurks the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
 The pilot warns with sail and oar,
 To shun the much suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate, [335]
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And heav'n's own pilot, plac'd within,
 Along the devious, smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went, [340]
 The Dames, accusom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long reluctant Maid.
 Here, stop, ye fair ones, and beware, [345]
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you, and heav'n, restor'd;
 Till then, with weeping honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate, [350]
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend, and handmaid, now no more;
 Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
 But o'er her failing cast the veil, [355]
 Remembring, you yourselves are frail.
 And now, from all-enquiring light,
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The Damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose. [360]
 As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some weatlthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams, [365]
 Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to oar,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
 But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
 Of that, for which his years had toil'd. [370]
 So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone,
 Within, without, obscure, and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
 And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast! [375]
 Are these the blessings thou can'st boast?
 These, virtue! these the joys they find,
 Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
 Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
 Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd! [380]
 Her trumpet slander rais'd on high,
 And told the tidings of the sky;

Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
 A side-long viper to her heart;
 Reproach'd breath'd poisons o'er her face, [385
 And soil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace;
 Officious shame, her handmaid new,
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
 While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
 Approach'd, to whiten at her side, [390
 And ev'ry lewd, insulting dame
 Upon her folly rose to fame.
 What shou'd she do? Attempt once more
 To gain the late-deserted shore?
 So trusting, back the Mourner flew, [395
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.
 Again the farther shore's attain'd,
 Again the land of virtue gain'd;
 But echo gathers in the wind,
 And shows her instant foes behind. [400
 Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
 Where late she left an host of friends;
 Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
 Nor longer own that form divine,
 With fear they mark the following cry, [405
 And from the lonely Trembler fly,
 Or backward drive her on the coast,
 Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
 From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
 To heav'n, not daring to complain, [410
 No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
 And from the face of friendship driv'n,
 The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
 With all her weight of woes around.
 Enthron'd within a circling sky, [415
 Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
 All radiant sate, as in a shrine,
 Virtue, first effluence divine;
 Far, far above the scenes of woe,
 That shut this cloud-wrapt world below; [420
 Superior goddess, essence bright,
 Beauty of uncreated light,
 Whom should mortality survey,
 As doom'd upon a certain day,
 The breath of frailty must expire, [425
 The world dissolve in living fire,
 The gems of heav'n, and solar flame
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam,

And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die. [430]

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.
Thro' this her all-enquiring eye, [435]

Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound,
Appal'd the guilty world around, [440]
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung, [445]
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away. [450]

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good, and evil try'd,
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams, [455]
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high, [460]
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain! [465]
Life! like all it's [sic] circles---vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak, and bladeless shore? [470]

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,

Sows the sea, and plows the sand.
 Soon this elemental mass, [475]
 Soon th' incumbring world shall pass,
 Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
 Time be spent, and life expire.
 Then, ye boasted works of men,
 Where is your assylum then? [480]
 Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
 Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
 Gone, like traces on the deep,
 Like a scepter, grasp'd in sleep,
 Dews, exhal'd from morning glades, [485]
 Melting snows, and gliding shades.
 Pass the world, and what's behind?--
 Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
 From an universe deprav'd,
 From the wreck of nature sav'd. [490]
 Like the life-supporting grain,
 Fruit of patience, and of pain,
 On the swain's autumnal day,
 Winnow'd from the chaff away.
 Little trembler, fear no more, [495]
 Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
 Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
 More than all thy scorers own.
 What tho' hostile earth despise,
 Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes; [500]
 Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
 Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.
 When the fatal trump shall sound,
 When th' immortals pour around,
 Heav'n shall thy return attest, [505]
 Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.
 Little native of the skies,
 Lovely penitent, arise,
 Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
 Virtue is thy sister now. [510]
 More delightful are my woes,
 Than the rapture, pleasure knows:
 Richer far the weeds I bring,
 Than the robes, that grace a king.
 On my wars, of shortest date, [515]
 Crowns of endless triumph wait;
 On my cares, a period bless'd;
 On my toils, eternal rest.
 Come, with virtue at thy side,

Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd, [520]
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

Fable XVI: Love, and Vanity

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health, and lusty labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail, [5
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade. [10
A Nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye,
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace, and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please, [15
Her study'd negligence, and ease;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness, and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly,---Sir, your servant. [20
Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring Dame, [25
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride, and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea; [30
Within my court all honour centers;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts, and graces,
And model fools, for posts and places.
As Vanity appoints at pleasure, [35
The world receives it's [sic] weight, and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.
Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails, [40

And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
 Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.
 But chief, in all their arts, and airs,
 Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
 Their various habits, and complexions, [45]
 Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
 Their robbing, curling, and adorning,
 From noon to night, from night to morning,
 From six to sixty, sick or sound,
 I rule the female world around. [50]
 Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
 Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
 Was there no province to invade,
 But that by love, and meekness sway'd?
 All other empire I resign, [55]
 But be the sphere of beauty mine.
 For in the downy lawn of rest,
 That opens on a woman's breast,
 Attended by my peaceful train,
 I chuse to live, and chuse to reign. [60]
 Far-sighted faith I bring along,
 And truth, above an army strong,
 And chastity, of icy mold,
 Within the burning tropics cold,
 And lowliness, to whose mild brow, [65]
 The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
 And modesty, with downcast eye,
 That lends the morn her virgin dye,
 And innocence, array'd in light,
 And honour, as a tow'r upright? [70]
 With sweetly winning graces, more
 Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
 In unaffected conduct free,
 All smiling sisters, three times three,
 And rosy peace, the cherub bless'd, [75]
 That nightly sings us all to rest.
 Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
 From the first step of infant time,
 Woman, the world's appointed light,
 Has skirted ev'ry shade with white; [80]
 Has stood for imitation high,
 To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
 From antient deeds of fair renown,
 Has brought her bright memorials down;
 To time affix'd perpetual youth, [85]
 And form'd each tale of love, and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
 She moulds the essence of a man,
 Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
 And as a better soul, inspires. [90]

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
 Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
 Calls sloth from his supine repose,
 Within the coward's bosom glows,
 Of pride implumes the lofty crest, [95]
 Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
 And like coarse metal from the mines,
 Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science, she imparts,
 All manners smooths, informs all hearts; [100]
 From her sweet influence are felt,
 Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
 To stormy rage she bids controul,
 And sinks serenely on the soul,
 Softens Deucalion's flinty race, [105]
 And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light, and vain,
 And freed from thy fantastic chain,
 She fills the sphere, by heav'n assign'd,
 And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind. [110]

He spoke. The Nymph impatient stood,
 And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.
 And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
 To hope your pretty tale is told,
 And next demand, without a cavil, [115]
 What new Utopia do you travel?--
 Upon my Word, these high-flown fancies
 Shew depth of learning--in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
 Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows! [120]
 Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
 You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
 And all for soft'ning, and for fainting!
 Guess now, who can, a single feature, [125]
 Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
 Then mark! my looser hand may fit
 The lines, too coarse for love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
 Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging, [130]
 On life's uncertain ocean riding,
 No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,

Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
 Eccentric, ominous, bright,
 Tractless, and shifting as the wind, [135]
 A sea, whose fathom none can find,
 A moon, still changing, and revolving,
 A riddle, past all human solving,
 A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
 A----something, that no man can tell. [140]

Now learn a secret from a friend,
 But keep your council [sic], and attend.
 Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
 Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,
 'Tis but the diff'rence of a name, [145]
 And ev'ry woman is the same.

For as the world, however vary'd,
 And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
 Of elemental modes, and forms,
 Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms, [150]
 Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
 Is of one subject matter made;
 So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
 The world's enigma, finds solution,
 And let her form be what you will, [155]
 I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
 The speck of being, I commence,
 Within the womb make fresh advances,
 And dictate future qualms, and fancies; [160]
 Thence in the growing form expand,
 With childhood travel hand in hand,
 And give a taste of all their joys,
 In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar, and unaw'd, [165]
 I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;
 Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mein,
 The little goddess, and the queen,
 Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
 And drinks sweet draughts of adulation. [170]

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
 To dress, becomes her darling care;
 The realms of beauty then I bound,
 I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
 Shrink in the waist's descending size, [175]
 Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
 High on the floating lappet sail,
 Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.

Then to her glass I lead the fair,
 And shew the lovely idol there, [180]
 Where, struck as by divine emotion,
 She bows with most sincere devotion,
 And numbering every beauty o'er
 In secret bids the world adore.
 Then all for parking, and parading, [185]
 Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
 For ball, plays, courts, and crouds what passion!
 And churches, sometimes----if the fashion;
 For woman's sense of right, and wrong
 Is rul'd by the almighty throng; [190]
 Still turns to each meander tame,
 And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.
 Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
 Accomplish'd only in defects;
 Such excellence is her ambition, [195]
 Folly, her wisest acquisition,
 And ev'n from pity, and disdain,
 She'll cull some reason to be vain.
 Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form, and feature,
 The wealth, and wants of female nature, [200]
 And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
 I gather fewel to my fire
 And on the very base of shame
 Erect my monument of fame.
 Let me another truth attempt, [205]
 Of which your godship has not dreamt.
 Those shining virtues, which you muster,
 Whence think you they derive their lustre?
 From native honour, and devotion?
 O yes, a mighty likely notion? [210]
 Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
 'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners;
 'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
 And hold presumptuous man in awe;
 For female worth, as I inspire, [215]
 In just degrees, still mounts the higher,
 And virtue, so extremely nice,
 Demands long toil, and mighty price;
 Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
 I bear the sex's tott'ring state, [220]
 Sap these, and in a moment's space,
 Down sinks the fabric to its base.
 Alike from title, and from toys,
 I spring, the fount of female joys;

In every widow, wife, and miss, [225]
 The sole artificer of bliss.
 From them each tropic I explore,
 I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
 To them uniting Indias sail,
 Sabea breathes her farthest gale: [230]
 For them the bullion I refine,
 Dig sense, and virtue from the mine,
 And from the bowels of invention,
 Spin out the various arts you mention.
 Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow, [235]
 They hold the sovereign balm of woe;
 Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
 I sooth the heavings of the heart;
 To pain give splendor, and relief,
 And gild the pallid face of grief. [240]
 Alike the palace, and the plain
 Admit the glories of my reign;
 Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
 Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
 Whate'er a woman says, I say; [245]
 Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
 Alike I fill, and empty bags,
 Flutter in finery, and rags,
 With light coquets thro' folly range,
 And with the prude disdain to change. [250]
 And now you'd think, 'twixt you, and I,
 That things were ripe for a reply----
 But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
 Kindly permit me to conclude,
 Their utmost mazes to unravel, [255]
 And touch the farthest step they travel.
 When ev'ry pleasure's run a-ground,
 And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
 The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
 May ripen to an hour's repentance, [260]
 And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
 Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
 Then on I lead her, with devotion
 Conspicuous in her dress, and motion,
 Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air, [265]
 Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
 Soften the voice, and in the face
 Look melting harmony, and grace.
 Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
 Nor quits her in her latest hour; [270]

The couch of decent pain I spread,
 In form recline her languid head,
 Her thoughts I methodize in death,
 And part not, with her parting breath;
 Then do I set, in order bright, [275
 A length of funeral pomp to sight,
 The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
 The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
 And last, presenting to her eye
 Angelic fineries on high, [280
 To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
 And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.
 In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,
 You've gone a tedious length of road,
 And strange, in all the toilsome way, [285
 No house of kind refreshment lay,
 No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted,
 To hold her from her sex exempted.
 For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
 Take her, and keep her if you can; [290
 And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
 Since every fair, by such permission,
 Will hold herself the one selected,
 And so our poet stands protected.
 O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory, [295
 To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
 The godhead in his zeal return'd,
 And kindling at her malice burn'd.
 Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
 Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old; [300
 Hypsipyle, who sav'd her sire,
 And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
 Alike Penelope was quoted,
 Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
 Nor Laodamia's fatal garter, [305
 Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
 Alceste's voluntary steel,
 And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
 But who can hope to plan conviction
 Where cavil grows on contradiction? [310
 Some she evades, or disavows,
 Demurs to all, and none allows;
 A kind of antient things, call'd fables!
 And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.
 Now both in argument grew high, [315
 And choler flashed from either eye;

Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
 The conquest of so fair a field.
 When happily arriv'd in view
 A Goddess, whom our grandames knew, [320]
 Of aspect grave, and sober gaite,
 Majestic, awful, and sedate,
 As heav'ns [sic] autumnal eve serene,
 When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd, [325]
 And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
 Quick at a venture, both agree
 To leave their strife to her decree.
 And now by each the facts were stated,
 In form, and manner as related; [330]
 The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
 Which held o'er females cheif dominion?
 When thus the Goddess, answering mild,
 First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.
 Alas, how willing to comply, [335]
 Yet how unfit a judge am I!
 In times of golden date, 'tis true,
 I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
 But from their presence long precluded,
 Or held as one, whose form intruded, [340]
 Full fifty annual suns can tell,
 Prudence has bid the sex farewell.
 In this dilemma what to do,
 Or who to think of, neither knew;
 For both, still bias'd in opinion, [345]
 And arrogant of sole dominion,
 Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
 Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
 When in the nick, a rural fair,
 Of inepxerienc'd gaite, and air, [350]
 Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
 Nor seen the world, beyond a wake,
 With cambric coif, and kercheif clean,
 Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
 Now, now! cry'd love's triumphant Child, [355]
 And at approaching conquest smil'd,
 If Vanity will once be guided,
 Our diff'rence may be soon decided;
 Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
 To try your force of gay persuasion. [360]
 Go you, while I retire aloof,
 Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;

And if your prevalence of art
 Transcends my yet unerring dart,
 I give the fav'rite contest o'er, [365
 And ne'er will boast my empire more.
 At once, so said, and so consented;
 And well our Goddess seem'd contented;
 Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
 But tript, and took the girl in hand. [370
 Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm'd,
 As one to each occasion arm'd,
 Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
 That erst had wounded many a heart;
 Then bending, drew it to the head; [375
 The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
 And, to her secret soul address'd,
 Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.
 But here the Dame, whose guardian care [380
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
 At once her pocket mirror drew,
 And held the wonder full in view;
 As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
 A thousand beauties rush to sight,
 A world of charms, till now unknown, [385
 A world, reveal'd to her alone;
 Enraptur'd stand the love-sick maid,
 Suspended o'er the darling shade,
 Here only fixes to admire,
 And centers every fond desire. [390

APPENDIX B

PUBLICATION CONSENT FROM *EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE*

Eighteenth-Century Life

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31 March 2000

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Dear Mr. Raynie:

I am happy to say that of course you have my permission to use your essay, "Hayman and Gravelot's Anti-*Pamela* Designs for Richardson's Octavo Edition of *Pamela I and II*," in your dissertation. Bell & Howell also has permission to reprint the essay as part of your dissertation chapter.

Good luck and give my regards to Jim Borck.

Sincerely,

R.P. Maccubbin



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Stephen A. Raynie was born in Washington, D.C., on April 28, 1962. He spent most of his childhood in Woodridge, Illinois, a pleasant if highly taxed bedroom community in the suburbs of Chicago. In 1980, Mr. Raynie graduated from Downers Grove North High School, and after a brief summer busing tables at a local restaurant, forthwith matriculated at the University of Illinois in Urbana. Mr. Raynie graduated in 1984 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in English. Not yet certain of his academic destiny, he worked his way up in the corporate world and eventually came to own 2 pizza delivery stores in Kansas City, Missouri. After careful consideration, however, in 1994 Mr. Raynie decided to pursue an academic career. He then began his graduate education at the University of Missouri-Kansas City and, after earning a Master of Arts degree in English in 1996, he began his doctoral studies at Louisiana State University. Mr. Raynie completed his dissertation and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Department of English at Louisiana State University in August of 2000.

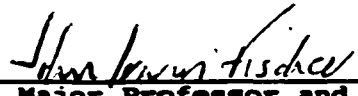
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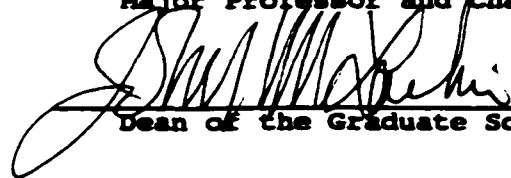
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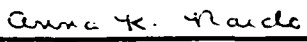

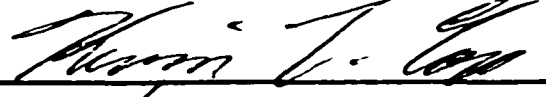
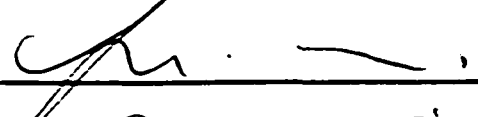
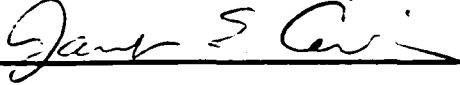
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